

The hum was the first thing. The low, oppressive 60-hertz thrum of cheap electronics that had been the soundtrack to your entire life. It vibrated up from the particle-board desk, through your elbows, a constant reminder of the cage. Your dorm room at Mount Saint Mary's wasn't a home; it was just a newer, smaller, quieter version of the basement in Beltsville. The cage had followed you.

Your noise-canceling headphones were a sanctuary, pumping the ethereal, melancholic strings of FFXIV's "Elpis" directly into your skull. A world of tragic beauty, of perfect order undone. It felt more real than the stale, recycled air of the dorm. You stared at your reflection in the black screen of your MacBook—a skinny, tired-looking kid who felt like a ghost haunting his own bones. The zero-carb diet had leaned you out, but it hadn't erased the years of feeling weak, of being told you were weak. It hadn't erased the deep, gnawing insecurity that pornography could only numb for a few fleeting, shameful minutes at a time.

A pang of actual hunger, sharp and insistent, cut through the melancholy. The dining hall. A necessary evil. With a sigh that felt like it came from the dawn of time, you slid the headphones off. The silence was immediately replaced by the hum, the distant shout of some frat boy down the hall, the quiet creak of the building. The cage.

You grabbed your red and gray sweater, pulling it on over your t-shirt, and shoved your phone and charger into the pocket of your black shorts. A glance in the mirror. Just Nelson. The same Nelson as always. You closed the door behind you, the lock clicking with a finality that felt hollow.

The late autumn air of Emmitsburg was damp and carried the smell of wet leaves and distant woodsmoke. You took the familiar shortcut, a narrow dirt path that cut through a small, dense patch of woods behind the dorms. It was quicker. The dying sun cast long, skeletal shadows through the bare branches of the oaks and maples. It was quiet here. Peaceful.

For a moment.

The first thing that changed was the sound. It didn't fade; it was *excised*. The chirping of a lone cricket, the rustle of a squirrel, the distant drone of traffic—all of it vanished, as if a cosmic mute button had been pressed. The silence that replaced it was absolute, profound, and deeply unnatural.

Then came the smell. Ozone, sharp and electric like the air after a lightning strike. And something else. Something rich, musky, and unbelievably complex. It was primal, deeply biological, and so overwhelmingly feminine it was like being smothered in the scent of a thousand aroused women. Your mind had no context for it, but your body reacted instantly, a hot flush spreading from your chest to your groin.

You froze, your heart hammering against your ribs. In the path ahead, the air began to shimmer, like heat haze on asphalt, but it wasn't hot. It was cool, and the shimmering coalesced into a

tear in reality. It wasn't a hole; it was a window of liquid, pearlescent light, churning slowly like a nebula in a jar. It was the most beautiful and terrifying thing you had ever seen.

You tried to back away, to turn and run, but your feet were rooted to the spot. A gentle, irresistible pressure pulled at you, a current in an unseen river. Your scientific mind screamed about tidal forces and localized gravitational anomalies, but the rest of you just screamed. The world dissolved into a nauseating, kaleidoscopic blur of color and light. You felt a sensation of being turned inside out and squeezed through an infinitely small hole, every nerve ending firing at once in a symphony of agony and ecstasy.

You hit the ground on your hands and knees, vomiting up the meager contents of your stomach onto a patch of impossibly green moss. The air you gasped in was thick, heavy, and tasted sweet, like honey and ozone and warm salt. It was so rich with oxygen it made you dizzy, a euphoric, intoxicating high that did nothing to quell the frantic terror.

When you finally dared to look up, your mind broke.

You were in a forest, but the word was laughably inadequate. You were in a cathedral of wood. The "trees" were colossal pillars of bark and living timber that soared three hundred meters into a sky of impossible, brilliant sapphire. Their lowest branches were higher than the tallest buildings you had ever seen. Dappled emerald light filtered through the canopy, illuminating a world of breathtaking, monstrous scale.

But it was the smell that was killing you. That same, thick, musky, feminine scent was everywhere, a suffocating, atmospheric blanket. And your body... your body was betraying you in the most horrifying way imaginable. You had a throbbing, painfully hard erection, a rod of hot, aching stone pressed against the fabric of your shorts. It wasn't born of thought or desire; it was a purely reflexive response to breathing this air, an involuntary salute to a world made of pure, unadulterated female essence. Shame, hot and acidic, burned in your throat. You curled in on yourself, trying to hide, trying to disappear.

"What in the Grinder's gaping cunt is that?"

The voice was a low, powerful contralto, laced with steel. You snapped your head up. Three figures had emerged from the shadows of a titan-tree, moving with a liquid grace that was utterly inhuman. They were women. No, they were goddesses. They were the living incarnation of every forbidden, shame-drenched fantasy you'd ever had.

All were over six feet tall, with figures that defied physics—massive, heavy breasts that strained against intricate leather harnesses, impossibly narrow waists, and wide, powerful hips that flowed into long, muscular legs. Their "clothing" was a series of skintight shorts, belts, and harnesses that concealed almost nothing, revealing vast expanses of toned, flawless skin. They were armed, carrying sleek, black rifles that looked like they belonged in a sci-fi movie.

The one who had spoken had silver hair cut short and practical, and eyes the color of a winter storm. She was flanked by a younger woman with a wild mane of fiery red hair, and a stoic, dark-skinned woman whose body was a symphony of corded muscle.

You scrambled backward, crab-walking through the moss, your mind a white-hot storm of terror and unwanted, overwhelming arousal. “I... I don’t... Please...” you stammered, the words catching in your throat. “Please... don’t hurt me.”

The redhead snorted, a smirk playing on her lips. She gestured towards your groin with her rifle. “Hurt him? Look at him, Val. He’s scared shitless, but he’s got a hard-on that could shatter rock. Fucking weird.”

“Quiet, Cerys,” the silver-haired leader, Valeriana, commanded without taking her eyes off you. Her gaze was analytical, cold, and missed nothing. “He’s not from around here. Look at him. He’s... malnourished. Frail.” She took a slow step forward. “What’s your name, boy? Where did you come from?”

“Nelson,” you choked out, wrapping your arms around your stomach, a pathetic attempt to hide your physical state. “I-I’m from... Maryland. I don’t know how I got here. There was a... a light...” Your voice cracked, shame and fear making you tremble.

Valeriana’s cold expression softened, just a fraction. The predatory assessment was replaced by something else. Pity? No... it was a kind of diagnostic concern. “Maryland,” she repeated, the word alien on her tongue. She took another step, her eyes flicking from your face to your groin and back again. She finally understood. “Fuck me,” she breathed, the curse more a sound of revelation than anger. “It’s the air. He’s not used to it. The pheromones are putting his system into shock.”

She looked at her squadmates. “Tola, perimeter. Cerys, watch our backs. He’s not a threat. He’s a stray.” She knelt down, her powerful frame still towering over you. She was close enough now that you could feel the heat radiating from her skin, could smell her personal scent—a clean, sharp note of ozone layered over that deep, universal musk. It was intoxicating.

“Listen to me, Nelson from Maryland,” she said, her voice softer now, but still firm. “You’re safe. We’re not going to harm you. Your body is just... reacting. We get it. We’re going to help you.” She began shrugging out of the heavy, dark cloak she wore.

Cerys chuckled, a low, throaty sound. “Ours now, Val?”

“He’s a man, alone and terrified in the Green. Of course he’s ours now,” Valeriana shot back, her focus entirely on you. She draped the heavy, warm cloak over your shaking shoulders. It smelled of her—of leather, metal, and that incredible, dizzying female scent. The darkness enveloped you, a small, private cave in a world of overwhelming light. “We’re taking you back to the Urbs. Let’s get him to the Matronas.”

She stood, looking down at your huddled form.

"He needs food, a bath, and a fuck, probably in that order."

Cerys let out a loud, barking laugh, the sound sharp and shockingly carefree in the immense silence of the forest. "Ha! You think the Matronas are gonna wait for him to eat? Look at him, Val. He's a tight-wound little knot of panic and horniness. They're gonna take one look at that pained little hard-on and have him on his back with his legs in the air before he can even tell them his name."

Valeriana shot her a withering glare. "Show some fucking decency, Cerys. He's terrified. Can't you feel it coming off him? It's like a wounded animal." She turned her attention back to you, her voice dropping back to that firm, calming tone. "Don't listen to her. She was dropped on her head as a baby. We're just going to get you somewhere safe. Can you stand?"

You tried, but your legs felt like jelly, your mind still reeling from the whiplash of sheer terror and the suffocating, relentless arousal. You managed to get to one knee, the heavy cloak still wrapped around you, before swaying.

"Shit," Valeriana muttered. Without another word, she effortlessly scooped you up into her arms. One arm went under your knees, the other around your back. You weighed nothing to her. The sudden proximity was dizzying. Your head ended up nestled against the top of her massive, harness-bound breasts. The warmth, the sheer solid power of her body, was overwhelming. You were enveloped in her scent, your face pressed against the warm, supple leather of her armor and the sliver of exposed, impossibly soft skin above it. Your erection, which had subsided for a brief moment in your panic, sprang back to agonizing, throbbing life against her rock-hard abdomen.

You let out a small, mortified squeak, trying to squirm away, to create some distance, but her arm was a band of steel.

"Stop squirming, little one," she commanded, her voice a low rumble that vibrated through her chest and into your skull. "You'll make me drop you." She looked down at you, a faint, almost imperceptible smirk touching her lips as she felt your hardness against her. "And relax. It's just a cock. We've all seen one before. It's not going to bite."

Cerys fell into step beside her, her rifle held casually in the crook of her arm. "He's cute, though. In a 'drowned, half-starved kitten' sort of way. Look at those big, scared eyes. And he's so *light*. I bet I could throw him over my shoulder."

"You will do no such thing," Valeriana said, her stride long and confident. "The Lyceum will want to study him. The Matronas will want to heal him. He's a find, Cerys. A true unknown."

"Study him, heal him... fuck him," Cerys sang-songed under her breath. "Come on, Val, don't be so fucking noble. You know you're curious. I am. I bet his cum tastes all weird and different. Like... from another world."

"Gods, your mind is a fucking sewer," Valeriana grumbled, though there was no real heat in it. She adjusted her grip on you, pulling you a little tighter. "Tola, status?"

The dark-skinned Warden, Tola, who had been silently scouting ahead, materialized from the shadows. "Path is clear to the transport junction. No Grinder-signs. Just a few Fae, but they're keeping their distance." Her voice was a deep, quiet baritone. She glanced at you, her expression unreadable but not unkind. "He smells of fear. And... ozone. Like the Warpstones."

Valeriana nodded. "That's what I thought. He came through a tear. A wild one." She looked back down at you, her storm-gray eyes boring into yours. "You're a long way from Maryland, Nelson. A very long way. Just try to breathe. We'll take care of the rest."

For the next ten minutes, you were carried through the most majestic and terrifying landscape you could imagine. The sheer scale of it was impossible. You saw glimpses of iridescent, insect-like creatures the size of birds, and flowers that pulsed with their own soft, internal light. The journey was a fever dream of sensory overload, made all the more intense by the constant, intimate pressure of Valeriana's body. Her rhythmic steps, the feel of her powerful muscles shifting beneath you, the overwhelming scent of her... it was a form of exquisite torture.

Finally, you emerged into a clearing. In the center stood a sleek, dark gray vehicle that looked like a cross between an armored personnel carrier and a high-speed train car. A wide door hissed open.

Valeriana carried you inside and set you down gently on a padded bench. The interior was spartan, clean, and smelled of sterilized metal and ozone, a welcome relief from the thick air of the forest. The door hissed shut, and the outside world vanished. The vehicle began to move, accelerating with a smooth, silent, and incredibly powerful hum.

Cerys plopped down on the bench opposite you, propping her feet up and grinning. "So, Nelson from Maryland. Tell us about the women where you come from. Are they all as small and breakable as you are?"

Before you could even try to answer, Valeriana tossed a small, metallic packet into your lap. "Drink this," she ordered. "Nutrient paste. You look like you're about to pass out." She then turned her steely gaze on Cerys. "And you, leave him the fuck alone. We'll debrief him when he's not on the verge of a complete systemic collapse. He's probably never even seen a woman with muscles before."

Cerys just laughed again, a rich, throaty sound that filled the small cabin. "Oh, this is gonna be fun. I haven't seen one this pure and terrified since my little sister saw her first slit-weasel. He's gonna be a fun toy for the Matronas to fix."

Valeriana's jaw tightened, and she leveled a glare at Cerys that could have frozen magma. "He is not a fucking toy, Warden. He is a displaced person, potentially hostile, but more likely a

non-combatant in acute distress. You will treat him as such or I will have you on latrine duty for a month. Am I clear?"

"Clear as a Matrona's squirt, Commander," Cerys shot back, though she did lean back, breaking the intensity of her gaze on you. She flashed a quick, sharp-toothed grin. "Just an observation."

The word "toy" echoed in your skull, a cold, familiar stone dropping into the pit of your stomach. It was what they always called you back home, in different ways. A plaything for their mockery, a weakling to be pushed around. Your trembling intensified, a violent shudder that racked your whole frame. The nutrient paste felt impossibly heavy in your lap. Your hands wouldn't work.

Tola, the silent Warden, moved with quiet efficiency. She took the packet from your unresisting hands, tore it open with a practiced flick of her wrist, and held it to your lips. "Drink," she said, her voice a low, steady rumble. "It will help with the shock."

You obeyed numbly, squeezing the thick, savory, metallic-tasting paste into your mouth. It was dense and rich, tasting of blood and broth and something else you couldn't name. The effect was almost instantaneous. A deep, penetrating warmth spread from your core outwards, chasing away the cold tremor. Your head cleared slightly, the dizzying fog receding just enough for the sheer, pants-shitting terror of your situation to come into sharp, high-definition focus.

But the fuel had another effect. Your body, now with a surge of high-grade nutrients, redoubled its efforts. The erection, which had been a painful, static throb, now seemed to pulse with a life of its own. A thick, clear drop of pre-cum welled at the tip, then another, soaking into the thin fabric of your shorts. A dark, wet spot began to form, a blatant, horrifying advertisement of your complete lack of control. A small, choked sob escaped your lips. This was a nightmare. This was worse than any beating, any insult. This was your body screaming a secret you'd spent your whole life trying to hide.

Valeriana sighed, a long, weary sound of profound resignation. She'd seen it. Of course she had. "Well, fuck," she said, not to you, but to the cabin at large. "The paste is working. His system has enough energy to try and purge the overload now." She ran a hand through her short silver hair. "He's going to be leaking like a faulty pressure valve until we can get him stabilized."

"Told you," Cerys chirped from her corner, an amused glint in her eyes. "Little guy's a gusher. Maybe we should just let him stroke one out? Might calm him down."

"If you so much as look at his cock, Cerys, I will personally break your fucking jaw," Valeriana snarled, her voice dropping to a deadly quiet promise. "He is not an animal for you to bait. He is a man, and he is going to be treated with the dignity that affords, whether he likes it or not." She turned her gaze back to you, and for the first time, it was devoid of clinical assessment. It was something else. A flicker of... something like empathy. "We're almost there, Nelson. Just hold on. The Matronas are experts at this. They'll make it stop."

The promise of relief was a distant, impossible island in your ocean of mortification. The transport began to slow, the hum changing in pitch. You could feel a subtle shift, a sense of ascending. A moment later, there was a soft bump as the vehicle docked.

"Alright," Valeriana commanded, her voice all business again. "We're here. Infirmary level. Let's get him inside." She stood, her immense frame filling the cabin. "Tola, you take point. Cerys..." She paused, leveling a final, warning look at the redhead. "...try not to say anything that will make him piss himself. We need him coherent enough to answer questions."

The door hissed open, and the scent of the Urbs hit you. It wasn't the raw, overwhelming musk of the forest. It was a cleaner, more refined version, but a thousand times more concentrated. It was the scent of thousands of women living in close quarters, a complex perfume of clean sweat, arousal, food, ozone, and life. Your system, already at its breaking point, completely short-circuited.

As Valeriana gently helped you to your feet, your over-stimulated body gave one final, violent lurch of protest. Your knees buckled, and as you collapsed against her, your orgasm triggered. It wasn't pleasurable. It was a raw, neurological misfire, a convulsive, full-body spasm that sent a hot, pathetic jet of semen spurting into your shorts. You cried out, a thin, wretched sound of utter humiliation as the world dissolved into a gray, featureless haze.

The last thing you heard before you blacked out was Cerys's incredulous, slightly impressed whistle. "Holy shit, Val. I think you broke your new toy already."

A sharp, stinging slap resounded in the cabin. Not to you, but to Cerys's helmeted head. Tola had moved with viper-like speed, her open palm connecting with just enough force to make a point.

"Enough," Tola's deep voice was flat, devoid of emotion. "The Commander gave an order. He is a non-combatant. You are embarrassing the uniform."

Cerys reeled back, rubbing her head. For the first time, her smirk vanished, replaced by a sullen pout. "Fucking hell, Tola. It was a joke."

"It was unprofessional," Tola stated, turning her back on Cerys to face the now-open door. "Commander, the bay is secure. The Matronas have been alerted."

Valeriana didn't acknowledge the conflict. She was already moving, scooping your limp, unconscious form back into her arms with an ease that was terrifying. "Let's go," she commanded, striding out of the transport and into the Urbs proper.

The transition was instantaneous. You were plunged from the cramped, metallic confines of the vehicle into a vast, open space. Even unconscious, your mind registered the change. The air was warm, humid, and thrumming with a low, resonant energy. The light wasn't harsh or artificial, but a soft, golden-green luminescence that seemed to emanate from the very walls, which were made of a gracefully curved, pearlescent material. And the scent... gods, the scent.

It was the atmospheric pheromones of the forest, but refined, concentrated, and layered with the smells of cooked food, clean water, and thousands of living, breathing, sweating female bodies.

Your inert form was carried through a wide, arching hallway that felt more like a cathedral than a medical facility. Two women stood waiting, their presence radiating an aura of calm authority that was a stark contrast to the Wardens' sharp, predatory energy. They wore simple, form-fitting white tunics that did nothing to hide their incredible physiques. The elder of the two, a woman who looked to be in her late fifties, had a cascade of iron-gray hair braided with silver rings and a face that was a roadmap of kind, knowing wrinkles. She was, if anything, even more voluptuously built than Valeriana, her hips wide and maternal, her breasts a pair of soft, heavy globes that strained the fabric of her tunic.

"Commander Valeriana," the older woman's voice was a deep, soothing melody, like the hum of a cello. "Your report said you found a transient?"

"Matrona Iona," Valeriana nodded respectfully, gently shifting your weight. "He appeared in a wild tear in Sector Gamma-7. He's from... somewhere else. His system went into pheromonal shock. He lost consciousness just as we docked."

Iona's wise, calm eyes took in your frail frame, the dark, damp patch on your shorts, and the tear tracks on your face. There was no judgment in her gaze, only a deep, profound, and ancient well of clinical compassion. "I see," she said softly. "The poor dear. The shock must have been immense. Bring him here."

She gestured to a low, wide bed that looked more like a comfortable mattress than a gurney. Valeriana laid you down with a gentleness that belied her warrior's strength.

Cerys, having followed them in, couldn't resist one last comment. "Yeah, he was a real gusher. Spooked himself right into a climax and shorted out."

Iona turned her head slowly, pinning Cerys with a gaze that held the weight of five thousand years of childbirth and healing. It was not an angry look; it was a look of infinite, weary disappointment, and it was a thousand times more effective. "Warden," she said, her voice dropping to a near-whisper that was somehow louder than a shout. "Your clinical assessment is as crude as it is unnecessary. Your patient is delivered. Your duty here is done. Dismissed."

Cerys's face flushed. She opened her mouth to retort, but Valeriana cut her off. "You heard the Matrona. Get back to the transport. Both of you. I'll file the full report later." She gave Iona a final, grateful nod and strode out, her two subordinates trailing sullenly behind her.

The chamber fell into a soft, calming silence. Iona turned to the younger woman at her side, a trainee with wide, curious eyes. "Elara, fetch a bio-scanner and a warm, damp cloth. Let's get these soiled things off him and see what we're dealing with."

Her experienced hands moved with an efficiency that was mesmerizing. She carefully pulled the heavy Warden's cloak off you, then deftly unzipped your sweater. With Elara's help, she eased it off your limp arms. The younger Matrona, Elara, audibly gasped.

"By the Mother... he's so thin," she whispered. "His ribs... you can count them all."

"He is," Iona agreed, her fingers gently probing your sternum, your collarbones. "Severe malnutrition. His bio-field is a mess, all static and dissonance. Like a frayed wire." She moved down to your shorts. Without a trace of hesitation or modesty, she unfastened them and slid them, along with your underwear, down your legs. You were left completely naked on the bed, utterly exposed.

The wet, sticky mess of your stress-climax was stark against your pale inner thighs. Iona barely glanced at it, taking the cloth from Elara and cleaning you with a few practical, maternal wipes. "Standard overload cascade," she explained to her apprentice. "The male body's way of hitting an emergency reset when the sensory input is too high. You'll see it in adolescents who spend too much time near the Fae groves."

Elara, however, was staring at your flaccid penis, now clean and resting against your scrotum. Her clinical detachment was tinged with a flicker of genuine curiosity. "He's... well-formed, for one so frail."

Iona followed her gaze and a soft, sad smile touched her lips. "All men are, child. It is the pattern of Viridio. His is just... undernourished. Like the rest of him." Her attention shifted to your pockets. She carefully removed your phone and the solar charger. She held them up, turning them over in her hands. "Strange artifacts. Smooth, cold. No obvious Aetheric signature." She handed them to Elara. "Bag these. We'll send them to the Lyceum for analysis. Do not attempt to activate them. We don't know what they do."

Elara returned with a device that looked like a smooth, white river stone. She handed it to Iona, who held it over your chest. The stone glowed with a soft blue light, and a complex, three-dimensional holographic display of your body shimmered into existence above you. Swirls of color and cascading lines of data flowed around the image.

Iona's brow furrowed as she studied the display, her free hand tracing patterns in the air, manipulating the hologram. "Fascinating," she murmured, more to herself than to Elara. "Cortisol and adrenaline levels are high enough to kill an unadapted Xenian. His entire nervous system is screaming. But look here..." She pointed to a section of the hologram that corresponded to your skeleton. It was glowing a dull, flat white. "No metallic lattice. His bones are pure calcium phosphate. Like a bird's. It's a miracle they haven't shattered under our gravity."

"No graphene?" Elara whispered, her eyes wide with a mixture of pity and scientific awe. "How does he even stand?"

“With great difficulty, I imagine,” Iona said grimly. “His muscle density is less than half of our baseline. His Aetheric Font... it’s there, but it’s so tightly coiled... like a fist. Dormant and dissonant. He’s been living in a constant state of bio-energetic defense.” She waved a hand, and the hologram vanished. The stone’s light faded. “Technology can only tell us so much. Let’s see what the body itself says.”

Her hands, surprisingly warm and soft for their size, began a systematic, thorough examination. She tested your reflexes, checked the lymph nodes in your neck and groin, and palpated your abdomen with firm, knowing pressure. Her touch was completely impersonal, yet it was the most intimate contact you had ever experienced.

Then, her examination moved lower. She lifted your scrotum in her palm, gently weighing your testicles. “Development seems normal, if a bit small,” she commented to Elara, her tone the same as if she were discussing the ripeness of a fruit. “No signs of atrophy.”

Her thumb and forefinger then gently encircled the base of your flaccid penis, her other hand taking the glans. “And this... look here, Elara. The foreskin has been removed. A ritual scarification, I’d wager. How barbaric. To deliberately reduce a man’s sensitivity.” She rolled the sensitive head of your cock between her fingers, her touch sending a jolt of pure, unadulterated sensation straight to the base of your spine, even in your unconscious state.

It was this jolt that began to pull you back.

The first thing you registered was the scent. The overpowering, warm, musky, honey-sweet scent of female. It filled your lungs, your head, your very soul. The second was the light, a soft, golden-green glow that was easy on your eyes. The third was the voices, low and melodic, speaking a language you somehow understood.

“...sensitivity.”

“...undernourished...”

“...needs a full hormonal regimen and at least a year of nutrient-dense therapy before he’s even close to baseline health...”

The fourth and final sensation was the touch. A warm, firm, impossibly soft hand was holding your penis.

Your eyes snapped open.

You were looking up at a gracefully curved ceiling that glowed with its own light. You turned your head, and your vision was filled with the sight of two colossal women. Goddesses. One old and wise, one young and curious. They were both looking down at your body. At your groin. You followed their gaze.

You were naked. And the older woman’s hand was wrapped around your cock.

A sound tore from your throat, a strangled, terrified gasp. You tried to bolt upright, to cover yourself, to do *anything*, but your muscles wouldn't obey. You were too weak, too shocked. All you could manage was a pathetic, full-body flinch.

The older woman, Iona, didn't let go. She didn't even seem startled. She simply lifted her gaze from your groin to your eyes, and her calm, kind expression met your wild, panicked one. Her grip on you was gentle but absolute, a silent, immovable statement of fact.

"Ah, welcome back, little one," she said, her voice a deep, soothing balm that did absolutely nothing to quell the screaming inferno of mortification in your brain. "There is no need for alarm. You are in the Sanctorum of the Hearth-Matronas. You are safe." She gave your penis a soft, clinical squeeze, as if to emphasize her point. "We are just finishing our initial assessment of your condition. It is quite... unique."

Your mind was a hurricane of pure, unadulterated panic. The words barely registered. All you knew was that you were naked, weak, and being held by the cock by a giant, impossibly beautiful older woman while her equally stunning apprentice looked on. It was a scene ripped from the deepest, most shame-filled recesses of your porn-addled brain, brought to life with horrifying fidelity.

"Let... let go," you stammered, your voice a reedy, pathetic whisper. You tried to bat her hand away, but your arm felt like it was made of wet noodles. Your hand flopped weakly against her powerful forearm and fell back to the bed.

Iona's kind eyes softened with a deep, maternal pity. "Shhh, now. I know you are frightened. Your world has clearly taught you that the body is a thing of shame. But here, it is a thing of truth. And your body is telling us a very sad story, Nelson of Maryland." Her thumb began to stroke the underside of your shaft in a slow, rhythmic, and completely non-sexual way, a calming gesture one might use on a spooked animal. "We mean you no harm. We are healers."

But her touch, however clinical its intent, was having the opposite effect. Your body, already primed by the pheromones and the nutrient paste, responded with a traitorous, immediate surge of blood. You began to get hard in her hand.

"Oh!" Elara, the apprentice, let out a small, fascinated gasp. She leaned in closer, her eyes wide with scientific curiosity. "Matrona, look. His arousal response is incredibly rapid, even for a male. Is that a symptom of his condition?"

You squeezed your eyes shut, a wave of hot, searing shame washing over you. You wished the floor would open up and swallow you. You wished you had died in the portal.

"It is a symptom of his health," Iona corrected gently, her fingers expertly accommodating your swelling flesh. Her grip remained firm, a warm, living manacle. "His body is starved for positive stimulus, for coherent bio-energetic input. Our very presence is like a healing balm to his dissonant field. This arousal is not lust, child. It is a sign of his spirit beginning to uncoil. It is a good sign."

“Please,” you begged, your voice cracking. “Please, just... stop. I can’t... I’m sorry...”

“Sorry for what, little one?” Iona asked, her voice genuinely puzzled. “Sorry for being a healthy male? Sorry for having a body that functions as it should? There is nothing to be sorry for. Open your eyes. Look at me.”

Reluctantly, you did. Her gaze was steady, calm, and held not a single iota of disgust or judgment. It held only a profound, overwhelming sense of... acceptance.

“In my hands,” she said, her voice a low, hypnotic hum, “I hold the potential for life. The symbol of the Sky Father’s pattern. It is a beautiful, sacred thing. There is no shame in it.” She shifted her grip slightly, her thumb finding the sensitive frenulum. You let out an involuntary hiss of pleasure, your hips bucking weakly.

“His heart rate is increasing,” Elara noted, watching the floating bio-display. “The field is beginning to show signs of coherence around the cardiac center. Matrona, I think it’s working.”

“Of course it’s working,” Iona said with a soft smile. She looked back down at you, her eyes crinkling at the corners. “His body knows what it needs, even if his frightened mind does not. It needs touch. It needs acceptance. It needs to be told that its natural functions are not a sin.” She leaned in closer, her voice dropping to an intimate whisper that was for you alone. “We are going to heal you, Nelson. We are going to feed your body, soothe your mind, and quiet the frightened ghosts of your world. And we will start right here.”

With that, her thumb stroked you again, harder this time, a deliberate, knowing caress. Your body, starved for any form of gentle, positive feminine touch your entire life, betrayed you completely. A thick, pearlescent bead of pre-cum leaked from the tip of your straining cock, glistening in the soft, golden light.

Elara pointed, her voice filled with the excitement of a researcher making a discovery. “He’s lubricating! Matrona, his *Fluxus Virilis* is exceptionally viscous! This is a fascinating physiological variance!”

Iona chuckled, a deep, warm sound that vibrated through the hand holding you. “All in due time, apprentice. Let the poor boy wake up fully before you start taking notes on the consistency of his arousal fluids.” She looked at you, your face a mask of horrified pleasure. “See, little one? Your body wants to be well. Just let it. Let go of the shame. It has no power here.”

The words... the fucking words. They were a poison and a cure all at once. Every syllable Iona spoke felt like it was unwriting decades of ingrained, self-hating programming in your brain, while simultaneously stoking the flames of your mortification to an inferno. To have your arousal fluids discussed with the same clinical excitement as a newly discovered species of beetle... it was beyond anything your mind could process.

"I... I can't," you gasped, your voice ragged. It wasn't a protest anymore; it was a plea. You were losing a war against your own nervous system, and her hand was the invading army's command center.

"You can," Iona murmured, her gaze unwavering. "You are. Your body is a far wiser creature than your mind right now. Listen to it." Her fingers tightened just a fraction, a subtle, possessive squeeze that sent another jolt of raw, electric pleasure through you. Her other hand came to rest gently on your chest, right over your hammering heart. "Feel that? That is your bio-field beginning to harmonize with mine. Your heart is trying to match the rhythm of my own. It is the most natural thing in the universe. It is the song of life itself."

The sheer, overwhelming sincerity in her voice was the most disarming weapon of all. There wasn't a hint of deception, no cruel mockery hiding behind the kind words. She genuinely believed this. She saw your shame not as a flaw, but as a wound to be cleansed.

And her apprentice, Elara, was a different kind of terror. She was pure, unadulterated curiosity. She pulled a small, glowing stylus from her tunic and began making notes on a floating holographic screen, her eyes darting between the display, your face, and your now fully, painfully erect penis.

"Subject exhibits extreme involuntary tumescence in response to therapeutic tactile stimulus," she dictated to the screen, her voice crisp and professional. "Pre-ejaculate production is... copious. Suggests high hormonal output despite systemic malnutrition. Note: subject's skin flushing correlates directly with cardiac field coherence spikes. The emotional state of shame appears to be a dissonant overlay, not a core response."

To be narrated... to have your body's most intimate, secret reactions being documented like a fucking lab experiment... it was so profoundly alien that it pushed you past the point of simple shame and into a strange, detached state of surreal horror.

"See?" Iona said, her thumb tracing the prominent vein that ran along the top of your shaft. You shuddered, a low groan escaping your lips against your will. "Elara is a fine student. She sees the truth of the body, beyond the noise of the mind. You are not your fear, Nelson. You are this." She gave you another deliberate, knowing stroke. "This strength. This life. This beautiful, desperate need."

The combination of her words, her touch, and Elara's detached, scientific narration was creating a feedback loop in your brain. The clinical observation somehow made the experience even more intensely, perversely intimate. They weren't just touching you; they were *studying* you, mapping the very landscape of your arousal.

"He's leaking again," Elara observed, pointing with her stylus. "Matrona, look at the way the fluid beads. The surface tension is remarkable."

Iona chuckled softly. "Patience, apprentice. Observation is one thing, but a true healer must also participate." She shifted her position, bringing her face closer to yours. You could see the

intricate web of lines around her eyes, the flecks of silver in her warm, brown irises. She smelled of herbs, clean sweat, and the rich, creamy scent of her own breast milk, a faint but unmistakable undertone. "This is the final lesson for today, little one. The body has a language all its own. And sometimes, it needs to scream."

Before you could process what she meant, she leaned down, her braided gray hair tickling your stomach, and took you into her mouth.

The world exploded.

It wasn't the clumsy, toothy blowjob from a porn video. It was the application of 5,000 years of female-dominant sexual wisdom. The wet, hot, and impossibly soft pressure of her mouth enveloped you, her tongue expertly tracing the sensitive corona, her lips creating a perfect, unyielding seal. It was a sensation so intensely, overwhelmingly pleasurable that it bypassed every circuit breaker in your brain. Your fear, your shame, your entire sense of self—it all dissolved into a single, blinding point of pure, incandescent sensation.

Your back arched off the bed, a raw, animal cry tearing from your throat. Your hips began to buck, a frantic, helpless rhythm against her face.

"Oh, my," Elara said, her voice now filled with a genuine, unprofessional awe. "His Aetheric Font just... flared. The coherence reading is off the charts! It's a full-system cascade!"

Iona pulled back for a moment, a single, glistening string of your pre-cum connecting your glans to her full, smiling lips. She looked up at you, her eyes twinkling with a triumphant, maternal warmth. "See? The body always knows."

And then she took you back into her mouth, her pace quickening, her throat muscles working, and you knew you were lost. You were seconds away from coming, a full-body, world-shattering orgasm building in the base of your spine like a collapsing star. It was the most terrifying, most humiliating, most intensely desirable thing that had ever happened to you. You were completely, utterly, and perfectly fucked.

The universe narrowed to the searing, wet heat of Iona's mouth. Every rational thought, every shred of resistance, was incinerated in the rising nuclear firestorm in your loins. Your hands, which had been lying uselessly at your sides, clenched into tight fists, the knuckles white. Your legs, weak as they were, trembled and locked, the muscles in your thighs spasming.

"His heart rate is approaching two hundred," Elara announced, her voice a distant, clinical echo in the roaring chaos of your senses. "Bio-field is stabilizing into a peak Gamma-wave frequency. This is incredible. He's achieving a state of systemic coherence that should be impossible given his physical condition."

Iona's ministrations became even more masterful, more demanding. The soft, gentle exploration was gone, replaced by a deep, powerful suction that seemed to pull the very soul out of you

through the head of your cock. Her free hand came to rest on your lower stomach, her fingers pressing down firmly, stoking the inferno, guiding the building eruption.

"He's close," Iona's voice was a muffled, guttural hum against your flesh, the vibration traveling straight up your spine. "Elara, observe the Aetheric flare. This is a pure, uninhibited release. The kind we rarely see, even in our own men. His Font has been a sealed vessel for his entire life. This will be... explosive."

You could feel it coming. The point of no return. A deep, convulsive shudder began in your toes and raced up your legs. Your back arched so high it was painful, every muscle in your body screaming in a symphony of tension and imminent release. You were a bowstring drawn to its absolute limit, ready to snap. A guttural, wordless cry was ripped from your throat, a sound of pure, animalistic surrender.

And then, you shattered.

The orgasm wasn't just in your groin; it was a full-body electrocution. Every neuron fired at once. A blinding white light exploded behind your eyelids. Your entire body convulsed, a violent, bucking spasm that lifted you completely off the bed. You screamed, a raw, ragged sound of a cage breaking, as a thick, hot, and shockingly copious jet of semen erupted from your cock, flooding the back of Iona's throat. Then another, and another, your hips slamming down against the mattress with each desperate, helpless pulse. It was a torrent, a purge, a lifetime of repressed, shame-filled desire and loneliness erupting in a single, cataclysmic, messy flood.

Iona took it all, her throat working rhythmically, not a single drop wasted. She didn't pull away until the last, shuddering pulse had faded, leaving you a boneless, twitching, gasping wreck on the bed.

She finally lifted her head, her lips glistening, a single, stray drop of your semen tracing a path from the corner of her mouth down her chin. She looked at you, her eyes soft, a little hazy, and filled with a profound, almost holy satisfaction. "There," she breathed, her voice thick. "The first ghost has been exorcised."

She licked her lips, her gaze analytical once more. "Remarkable," she said to Elara, her voice regaining its clinical tone. "The taste... there's a distinct lack of the usual metallic trace elements. But the Aetheric resonance... it's purer than anything I've ever encountered. Like unfiltered starlight."

Elara was staring at the holographic bio-display, her mouth slightly agape. "Matrona... his entire field... it's gone completely quiet. All the dissonance is gone. It's... coherent. Stable. Like a placid lake."

You lay there, adrift in the aftermath, your limbs feeling like they were filled with lead. The terror and shame were gone, incinerated in the blast. All that was left was a deep, bone-deep, and utterly alien sense of peace. You were empty. You were clean.

Iona took the cloth from the side table and gently, maternally, wiped her own chin and then your sweat-drenched face. "Rest now, Nelson of Maryland," she said, her voice a soft, hypnotic lullaby. "Your body has done a great deal of work. When you wake, we will feed you properly. And then... we will begin the real healing."

She pulled a light, warm blanket over your naked, spent body. You were asleep before your head even settled back into the pillow, plunging into the first truly dreamless, peaceful sleep of your entire life.

As you drifted in that profound, bottomless abyss of sleep, the world continued around you, its new rhythms beginning to shape your reality. Elara, her initial awe fading back into diligent study, saved the final bio-scan readings with a series of precise gestures.

"His recovery is astonishing," she murmured, watching the holographic representation of your vital signs stabilize into a slow, deep, and harmonious rhythm. "The traumatic expulsion of dissonant energy via orgasm seems to have triggered a full-system reboot. It's a therapeutic application I've only ever read about in archaic texts."

Iona finished cleaning the small mess on the bedding with a practiced, no-nonsense efficiency. She looked at your sleeping form, a complex expression on her face—part healer, part scientist, and part something far older and more predatory. "Archaic texts have their uses, child. Our ancestors understood the body's raw truths before we learned to cloak them in the language of waveforms and frequencies. They knew that a soul coiled in fear sometimes needs to be fucked back into its proper shape."

She turned, her gaze falling upon the small pile of your strange, otherworldly clothes. She picked up your black shorts, the fabric thin and synthetic, the dark, still-damp patch at the crotch a stark testament to your ordeal. "His world has made him weak, filled him with shame, and starved him of his own nature," she said, her voice a low, dangerous growl. "They broke him. It will be our pleasure to remake him."

Elara finally looked up from her data screen, a flicker of something beyond clinical curiosity in her eyes. It was a hint of the same possessive, protective desire that seemed to permeate the very air of this place. "What is the long-term prognosis, Matrona?"

Iona let the shorts fall from her fingers. "The prognosis is excellent. His system is highly responsive. We will begin with a regimen of high-fat broths and organ meats to rebuild his physical structure. We will purge the poisons of his old world from his cells. And," she paused, a slow, knowing smile spreading across her lips, "we will continue his somatic therapy."

She walked over to a basin, washing her hands with a fragrant, herbal soap. "He has an entire lifetime of shame to unlearn. Every touch, every taste, every sensation will be a lesson. We will teach him that his body is not a source of sin, but an instrument of joy. We will teach him that his arousal is a gift, his fluids a sacrament. We will teach him what it is to be a man, not by their broken standards, but by ours."

She dried her hands and turned back to face her apprentice, her expression now one of firm, maternal command. "You will be his primary caregiver for the next cycle, Elara. You will feed him. You will bathe him. You will monitor his progress." She took a step closer, her voice dropping to an intimate, conspiratorial whisper. "And you will help him explore the new sensations of his healing body. You saw the purity of his Aetheric release. It is a potent, life-affirming energy. Exposing yourself to it will be beneficial for your own training. See it as... a symbiotic relationship."

Elara's face flushed with a mixture of excitement and nervous apprehension. "Me, Matrona? But I'm still just a novice..."

"And he is a newborn," Iona countered, placing a comforting hand on Elara's shoulder. "You will learn together. Do not be afraid of his desire. It is the sound of his soul healing. Embrace it. Guide it. And if he has another... overload cascade," she said, a playful twinkle in her eye, "you know the proper technique to manage the release. Do you not?"

"Yes, Matrona," Elara breathed, her eyes darting to your sleeping form, a new, possessive hunger in her gaze. "I understand completely."

"Good," Iona said, turning to leave the chamber. "I will check on your progress in the morning. See to it that he does not wake up alone. A soul returning from such a deep void needs to be greeted by a warm, welcoming presence."

With a final, lingering look at you, Iona swept from the room, leaving you in the care of her very eager, very curious, and now fully authorized apprentice. The last sound before the chamber door hissed shut was Iona's low chuckle echoing in the hallway. The healing of Nelson Beri had only just begun, and it was going to be a very, very thorough process.

The silence of the room was the first thing that truly registered in your waking mind. It wasn't the dead, oppressive silence of your dorm, punctuated by the electric hum. This was a living silence, warm and resonant, like the inside of a seashell. You were cocooned in a soft, impossibly comfortable bed, a light blanket draped over you, feeling a sense of profound, bone-deep rest you hadn't realized was even possible.

You opened your eyes. The golden-green light of the chamber was gentle, and the air was thick with that now-familiar, intoxicatingly feminine scent. You felt... calm. The frantic, screaming panic was gone, replaced by a strange, hollowed-out tranquility. You flexed your fingers, wiggled your toes. Your body felt weak, boneless, but blessedly, blessedly at peace.

Then you turned your head.

She was sitting in a simple chair a few feet from your bed, watching you. Elara. The apprentice. She wore the same simple white tunic, which clung to a physique that was anything but simple. Her legs were crossed, and she was observing you with the same intense, dispassionate curiosity of a biologist studying a new specimen.

The memory of what happened before you passed out came crashing back—the fear, the shame, the violent, involuntary orgasm, Iona's mouth... A hot flush of crimson shame crawled up your neck. You instinctively tried to pull the blanket up to your chin, to hide, to become invisible.

"Good morning, Nelson of Maryland," Elara said, her voice a soft, clear chime. "Or perhaps it is evening. Time is measured differently here." She made no move to stop you, but simply watched your pathetic attempt at modesty with a neutral expression. "Matrona Iona instructed me to tell you that your initial somatic purge was successful. Your bio-field has achieved a baseline coherence we did not anticipate so soon."

"I... I..." you stammered, your throat dry. "I want my clothes."

"Your previous garments have been sent to the Lyceum for materials analysis," she replied, as if discussing the weather. "They were determined to be unhygienic and unsuitable for this environment. You will be provided with appropriate attire when your quarantine period is over."

"Quarantine?" The word sent a fresh spike of fear through you.

"A precaution," she said calmly. "Your body carries microorganisms that are alien to our world. We must ensure they pose no threat. It also allows us to begin your physical rehabilitation in a controlled setting." She stood, her movement fluid and powerful. "And the first step in that rehabilitation is a proper cleansing. You are still covered in the sweat and residue of your journey and your... episode. It is time for you to bathe."

She walked towards you, her intentions clear. Panic flared anew. "No! I can... I can do it myself."

Elara stopped at your bedside and looked down at you, a flicker of something that might have been amusement in her eyes. "Can you?" she asked, her tone gentle but firm. "You weigh fifty-eight kilograms. You can barely lift your own arm. The bathing pool is down a short flight of stairs. You would not make it three steps before you collapsed." She reached down, her hands strong and sure. "Do not be difficult, Nelson. This is not a negotiation. It is a medical necessity."

The blanket, your last, pathetic shield of dignity, was peeled back with an unhurried, deliberate motion. The cool, fragrant air of the chamber washed over your naked skin, raising a fresh crop of goosebumps. You were exposed again, laid bare under Elara's inquisitive, clinical gaze. Your body, with a predictability that was becoming its own special form of torture, began to react. Your semi-flaccid penis twitched, a slow, unwilling blush of blood darkening its head.

"Fascinating," Elara murmured, her eyes flicking down to your groin. "His arousal response appears to be his default state of being when in the presence of a coherent feminine bio-field. It seems his system equates our proximity with safety and vitality. A conditioned reflex we will need to explore further." She made a mental note, her expression as serious as if she'd just solved a complex mathematical proof.

Before you could protest further, she slid one powerful arm under your shoulders and the other under your knees, lifting you from the bed as effortlessly as Valeriana had. The sensation of

being held by another one of these Amazonian goddesses was no less shocking the second time. Her body was a furnace of warmth and solid, unyielding muscle, and you were a bundle of twigs in her arms.

"Don't... please..." you whispered, your face pressed against the soft, warm curve of her shoulder, your voice muffled by the thin fabric of her tunic. You could feel the solid, heavy weight of her breast against your side, a soft, yielding pressure that sent a fresh wave of dizzying, unwanted sensation through you.

"It is necessary," she repeated, her voice a calm, implacable murmur next to your ear. "Your body is weak, but your spirit is strong. It is fighting to live, to connect. This," she said, her chin tilting down towards your groin, where your semi-hard cock was now pressed intimately against the firm swell of her abdomen, "is not a sign of perversion. It is a sign of life. A very good sign."

She carried you out of the chamber and into a different room. This one was warmer, the air thick with steam and the scent of strange, aromatic herbs. The floor was made of a dark, non-slip stone, and the centerpiece was a sunken pool, the water a clear, pale blue that glowed with a soft internal light.

Elara walked down a short flight of steps and waded into the pool, which was about waist-deep on her. The water was blissfully, impossibly warm, like the perfect bath. She gently set you down, keeping a steadying hand on your back as your feet found the smooth stone floor. You swayed, your knees weak, and she was the only thing keeping you upright.

"I can... I can stand," you insisted, though it was a bald-faced lie.

"Of course," she said, her voice placating, though her hand never left your back. The warm, therapeutic water was having a predictable effect. Your penis, now fully submerged, bobbed against your thigh, already thickening further, straining towards a full erection in the comforting, womb-like heat.

Elara's gaze was direct, her curiosity unfeigned. "Your body is a marvel, Nelson of Maryland. So fragile, yet so... insistent. So determined to express its nature." She retrieved a soft, sponge-like cloth and a bar of what looked like dark, fragrant soap. "Now, hold still. We must be thorough."

Her hands were strong and efficient. She washed your hair, her fingers massaging your scalp with a firm pressure that was both clinical and intensely pleasurable. She washed your face, your neck, your chest, her movements brisk and practical. But every touch was a spark against your over-sensitized skin.

When she moved lower, you flinched, trying to turn away. "I can do that part," you said, your voice tight.

"No," she said, her voice leaving no room for argument. Her hand closed around your arm, her grip gentle but unbreakable, turning you back to face her. "I cannot allow you to over-exert yourself. And I must ensure the cleansing is complete."

Her soapy hand moved across your stomach, then lower. She cupped your testicles, her touch surprisingly gentle, washing them with a care that made your breath hitch. And then, her fingers wrapped around the base of your fully erect, aching cock.

"Ah," she said, a small, satisfied smile playing on her lips. "Full tumescence achieved. This will make it easier to clean properly." She began to lather the soap, her hand sliding up and down your shaft in a slow, deliberate rhythm. It wasn't a sexual motion; it was the practiced, methodical movement of a caregiver. But to your starved, over-stimulated body, the distinction was meaningless.

It was too much. The warmth of the water, the slickness of the soap, the sight of her full, heavy breasts barely contained by her now semi-translucent wet tunic, the sheer, overwhelming intimacy of her hand on your cock... it was a perfect storm of sensation.

A low, involuntary groan rumbled in your chest. Your hips gave a weak, instinctive thrust.

Elara's eyes met yours. The clinical curiosity was still there, but now it was overlaid with something else. A flicker of heat. Of her own burgeoning arousal, triggered by the raw, potent display of yours. "Your bio-field is... broadcasting very strongly right now, Nelson," she said, her voice a little breathy. "It is a very... coherent signal. Very... compelling."

Her hand, which had been methodical, now became a little more insistent. Her thumb found the sensitive tip of your glans, rubbing a small circle. Your mind went white. You were losing control. Again.

"Please... Elara... I'm going to..." you gasped, the words torn from you.

"I know," she whispered, her face leaning closer to yours, her breath warm against your cheek. "Let it go. The Matrona said it is a part of your healing. Purge the dissonance. Show me... show me the purity of your world's pain."

Her hand pumped faster, a slick, wet, inexorable rhythm, and with a final, choked cry, you came apart in her hand, a thick, hot jet of semen exploding into the glowing blue water, clouding it with the milky white evidence of your complete and utter surrender.

Your orgasm was a silent detonation, a blinding flash of pure sensation that left you trembling and boneless in the warm water. Your knees gave out completely, and Elara's strong arm was the only thing that kept your head from slipping beneath the surface. You sagged against her, your forehead resting on her shoulder, your breath coming in ragged, shuddering gasps.

Elara held you steady, her own breathing a little faster now. She watched the cloud of your semen dissipate into the glowing water, a thoughtful, almost reverent expression on her face. Her hand, still slick with your release, remained wrapped loosely around your now-softening penis.

"Remarkable," she whispered, as much to herself as to you. "The volume is consistent with your previous release, but the Aetheric signature... it was even stronger this time. Less panic, more... purity. It's like a raw, unfiltered signal." She looked down at the hand holding you, then brought her fingers to her nose, inhaling deeply. "And the scent... It lacks the metallic undertones of our men's. It's cleaner. Almost... sweet."

You flinched at her words, a fresh wave of shame trying to rise through the blissed-out exhaustion. To have your cum smelled and analyzed like a wine tasting... it was a level of intimacy so profound it felt like a violation. But the feeling was weak, distant. Your body was too sated, too peaceful, to muster any real panic.

"There is no shame in it, Nelson," she murmured, seeming to read your thoughts. Her voice was a low, soothing hum next to your ear. "It is the essence of your life force. To a healer, it is the most honest diagnostic tool we have. Yours tells me that you are a soul of immense potential, trapped for too long in a cage of fear."

She gently disengaged her hand from your groin and began to rinse the last of the soap from your body with the soft, spongy cloth. Her movements were once again brisk and clinical, the moment of shared intensity over. "The cleansing is complete," she announced. "Now, you must eat. Your body has expended a great deal of energy. It must be replenished."

She lifted you from the pool with the same effortless strength as before, your wet, limp body cradled against her warm, powerful frame. She carried you not back to the medical chamber, but to a small, adjoining room. It was warm and sparsely furnished, with a comfortable-looking bed and a small table. A large, fluffy towel was laid out on the bed.

Elara placed you in the center of the towel and began to dry you with a maternal efficiency that left no room for modesty. She was thorough, drying your hair, your torso, your limbs, and finally, your groin, with a series of brisk, non-sensual pats. She then wrapped you in a clean, dry towel and sat you up on the edge of the bed.

"Wait here," she commanded, before disappearing into the medical chamber for a moment. She returned with a steaming bowl of thick, dark broth. The smell was incredible—rich, savory, and deeply satisfying. It made your stomach ache with a hunger you hadn't realized you possessed.

She sat on the bed beside you, the heat from her powerful thigh a comforting presence against your own. "You are too weak to feed yourself without spilling," she stated simply. "I will assist you."

She dipped a spoon into the broth and brought it to your lips. You hesitated for a second, the sheer infantilizing intimacy of the act a fresh hurdle for your Earth-born pride. But the smell of the broth was too compelling, your hunger too raw. You opened your mouth and let her feed you.

The broth was a revelation. It was the richest, most flavorful thing you had ever tasted, a complex symphony of roasted meat, marrow, and subtle herbs. It was liquid life, and it spread through your body like a warm, healing tide with every spoonful.

Elara fed you with a steady, patient rhythm, her expression once again one of focused, clinical care. But as she watched you eat, a new, softer emotion crept into her eyes. It was the look of a caretaker seeing her charge respond to treatment, a deep, satisfying sense of purpose.

"Good," she murmured as you swallowed the last spoonful. "That is a bone broth from a young Auroch, fortified with rendered marrow fat and pureed liver. It will begin the process of rebuilding your skeletal and nervous systems." She set the empty bowl aside. "Now, you must rest again. Your body needs to integrate the nutrients. And," she added, a faint, knowing smile touching her lips, "it needs to recover from the... intensity of your therapy."

She gently pushed you back down onto the bed, pulling the warm blanket over you. "I will remain here to monitor you," she said, resuming her seat in the chair. "Your bio-field is still in a delicate state of re-harmonization. My presence will help keep it stable."

You looked at her, this beautiful, terrifying, powerful goddess who had just bathed you and brought you to a shattering orgasm with the detached air of a physical therapist. The shame was still there, a faint echo in the back of your mind, but it was being drowned out by a feeling that was even more powerful and far more alien: a profound sense of safety.

"Why...?" you whispered, the question a raw, vulnerable thing in the quiet room. "Why are you... doing this?"

Elara paused, her hand hovering over the blanket. She looked at you, really looked at you, with a gaze that stripped away every defense you had left. It wasn't the look of a nurse or a scientist anymore. It was the look of a woman looking at something incredibly precious and incredibly fragile.

"Why?" she repeated, a small, incredulous laugh escaping her lips. She leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees, bringing her face level with yours. The scent of her—warm skin, clean soap, and that underlying, heavy musk of arousal—filled your senses again.

"Because you are a man, Nelson," she said, her voice dropping to a low, intense thrum. "And not just any man. You are a man who has been starved. In your world, they treated you like... what? A nuisance? A defective part?" She shook her head, her eyes darkening with a flash of genuine anger. "That is a crime against nature. It is a heresy."

She reached out and gently brushed a stray lock of damp hair from your forehead. "Here, the strong protect the precious. That is the law of the Mother. And you... you are the most precious thing in this room."

You blinked, tears pricking the corners of your eyes. "But I'm... I'm weak. I'm useless. I just... I just came in my pants and then again in the bath. I can't even feed myself."

Elara's expression softened into a fierce, possessive smile. "You think that makes you useless? Nelson, listen to me. When I held your cock in the water, when I felt you shudder and spill your life into my hand... do you have any idea what that felt like to me?"

She took your hand, which was trembling, and pulled it towards her. She pressed your palm flat against her chest, right over her heart. You could feel the powerful, rhythmic thudding beneath the solid muscle and soft breast tissue. You could feel the heat radiating from her.

"It made my heart race," she confessed, her voice thick. "It made my nipples hard. It made me wet. Not because you are 'strong' like a Warden. But because you are *alive*. Because your body is so desperate to give, to create, to share its pleasure. That vulnerability? That need? It is the most potent aphrodisiac on this planet."

She moved your hand lower, pressing it against her flat, rock-hard stomach, just above the waistband of her tunic. "We are a world of women, Nelson. We are strong. We build walls, we kill monsters, we shape the earth. We have enough strength for a thousand lifetimes. We don't need you to be strong. We need you to be... this."

She gestured to your whole body. "We need you to be soft. We need you to be hard for us. We need you to let us take care of you. When you came in the bath, that wasn't a mess. That was a gift. That was you trusting me with your pleasure, with your essence. Do you understand?"

She leaned in even closer, her lips brushing your ear. "There isn't a woman in this city who wouldn't kill to be in my place right now. To be the one feeding you. To be the one cleaning your cum off her fingers. You are not a burden, Nelson. You are the prize. And we are going to spoil you until you forget the very meaning of the word 'shame'."

She pulled back, her eyes shining with a terrifying sincerity. "Now. Sleep. Let your body do its work. And when you wake up, and that cock of yours gets hard again—because it will—you will not hide it. You will not apologize for it. You will tell me. And I will take care of it. Again. And again. Until you understand that your pleasure is my duty. Is that clear?"

The sheer, unadulterated force of her conviction hit you like a physical blow. It broke something inside you—some final, calcified wall of self-hatred. You couldn't speak. You couldn't argue. You just nodded, a single, jerky motion, as a tear finally escaped and rolled down your cheek.

"Good," Elara whispered. She leaned down and pressed a soft, lingering kiss to your forehead. "Sleep well, little prince. I'll be right here."

She sat back in her chair, watching you with the unblinking vigilance of a guardian dragon. As your eyes grew heavy and drifted shut, the last thing you saw was Elara shifting in her seat, her hand absentmindedly drifting to her own thigh, her gaze fixed on your sleeping face with a look of pure, hungry adoration.

The sleep was deep, a comatose plunge into a black ocean, but the waking was a slow, sticky

ascent. You drifted back to consciousness not because of noise—it was blissfully silent—but because of a demanding, throbbing pressure in your groin.

You opened your eyes to the soft, golden-green light of the healing chamber. Your body felt different. Heavier, yet somehow humming with a new, low-grade energy. The bone-deep ache of your malnutrition was dulled, replaced by a terrifying vitality. You shifted your legs, and the sensation was immediate: the friction of the high-thread-count sheet against a penis so hard it felt like it might split the skin.

It wasn't just a morning wood. It was a granite pillar, pulsing in time with your heartbeat, sticking straight up and tenting the sheet like a frantic flag of surrender.

"His circadian rhythm is aligning perfectly," a soft voice noted.

You jerked your head to the side. Elara was still there. She had moved her chair closer to the bed. She was leaning forward, her chin resting on her hand, her gaze fixed intently on the tented sheet. The fabric of her white tunic was pulled tight across her chest, outlining the sheer mass of her breasts—firm, high-set **L-cups** that defied gravity with an arrogant perkiness, their heavy weight resting against her forearms.

"Elara," you croaked, your voice rusty. You tried to sit up, but the movement dragged the sheet across your glans, sending a jolt of hypersensitive pleasure-pain straight to your brain. You gasped, squeezing your eyes shut.

"Careful," she said, her voice dropping to a smoky, amused purr. She reached out, her hand hovering over the erection through the blanket. "The 'Morning Salute.' It is a aggressive one today. Your testosterone levels have spiked significantly since the feeding."

Before you could formulate a plea for mercy, the door to the chamber hissed open.

"Good. The little prince is awake."

Matrona Iona swept into the room, her presence filling the space. She had changed into a more formal robe of deep crimson, but the neckline plunged deep, revealing the vast, devastating canyon of her cleavage. Her breasts were monumental, heavy **P-cups** that swayed with a liquid, maternal weight with every step she took. They were a landscape unto themselves, soft and expansive, promising a suffocating comfort.

She was not alone. Trailing her was a new woman, tall and angular, with skin the color of polished obsidian and hair dyed a shocking, neon-blue. She wore a utility vest covered in pockets and tools, worn open over a sheer mesh top that did absolutely nothing to conceal her own staggering physique—a pair of massive, teardrop-shaped **O-cups** that hung heavy and low, the dark nipples clearly visible through the mesh.

"This is Vespera," Iona announced, gesturing to the newcomer. "Master Artisan of the Weaver's Guild. Since your Earth clothes were little more than rags, she is here to outfit you properly."

Vespera didn't say hello. She walked straight to the foot of the bed, her eyes hidden behind sleek, graphene goggles. She tapped the side of them, and they zoomed in on you. "So this is the stray," she said, her voice crisp and professional, with a faint metallic edge. "Tiny frame. Narrow shoulders. Wide, birthing hips." She looked at the sheet tented over your groin. "But he seems to be carrying a disproportionate amount of mass in the reproductive sector. That will complicate the inseam."

"Please," you whispered, clutching the sheet. "I... I just need some pants."

"Drop the sheet, Nelson," Iona commanded gently, coming to stand beside Vespera. "Vespera cannot measure what she cannot see. And we do not hide our bodies here."

"I... I can't..."

"Nelson," Iona's voice held a note of steel wrapped in velvet. "Do not make me repeat myself. Shame is a poison you left behind in Maryland. Here, obedience to your healers is the first step to freedom."

Elara stood up, moving to the side of the bed. "Let me help," she murmured. Before you could protest, she took the edge of the sheet and, with a swift, fluid motion, whipped it off your body.

The cool air hit your skin, and you lay there, utterly exposed. Your erection, freed from the weight of the fabric, sprang up, bobbing slightly as it settled into a full, agonizingly rigid angle against your stomach. It was purple-headed, veiny, and weeping a clear bead of fluid from the tip.

Vespera let out a low, appreciative whistle. "Well. The rumors were true. He's built like a tripod." She stepped closer, producing a flexible, glowing tape measure from one of her pockets. "Stay still. If you twitch, you'll mess up the calibration."

She began to measure you, her hands moving with blinding speed. She measured your chest, your waist, the length of your arms. Then she moved to your hips. Her cool fingers brushed against your sensitive skin, sending shivers down your spine.

"Thirty-inch waist, thirty-eight-inch hips," she muttered, tapping the data into a wrist-comp. "Distinctly gynoid fat distribution. Very aesthetic. But this..." She reached out and boldly cupped your balls, lifting them to get an accurate inseam measurement. Her touch was purely clinical, yet the sensation of her rough, calloused hand against your scrotum made your breath hitch. "Testicular volume is... adequate. Though the sac is tight. High tension."

She moved her hand up, wrapping her fingers around the base of your erection. "Girth is... substantial," she noted, sliding her hand up to the head. "Length... seven point two inches. Functional. But the sensitivity..." She brushed her thumb over the head, and your hips bucked off the mattress with a strangled cry.

"Extreme," she finished, withdrawing her hand. "We'll need to use the softest silk-graphene weave for the undergarments. Anything coarser will chafe him raw within an hour."

Iona watched this examination with a satisfied nod. "And for support?"

"A suspension pouch," Vespera decided. "Something that lifts and separates, but allows for... expansion. Clearly, he's going to be walking around at half-mast most of the time. We need to accommodate the blood flow."

"Good," Iona said. "Get to it. He needs to be dressed for his audience."

"Audience?" you squeaked, your voice rising an octave.

"The Lord Protector has requested your presence," Iona said casually. "She wishes to see the 'Man from the Dead World' for herself. And," she added, her eyes gleaming, "she is bringing the High Matriarch of the Temple."

Vespera pulled a small device from her vest—a portable fabricator. "Stand up," she ordered.

You swung your legs over the side of the bed and stood, your knees wobbling. You felt absurdly small surrounded by these three giants. Vespera aimed the device at you. A beam of light scanned your body, and then, with a soft hum, clothes began to knit themselves together directly onto your skin.

First came the underwear. It was a pair of black boxer-briefs made of a material so soft it felt like liquid. It cupped your balls gently and had a special pouch for your erection, holding it snug against your stomach without crushing it. The relief was instantaneous.

Next, a pair of dark gray pants formed, tailored perfectly to your wide hips and long legs. They were made of a sturdy but flexible material that moved with you. Finally, a tunic of deep crimson—the color of Iona's robe—wove itself around your torso. It had a deep V-neck that showed off your collarbones and the smooth, hairless expanse of your chest.

Vespera stepped back, looking you up and down. "Not bad. The color suits him. Brings out the flush in his cheeks."

Iona stepped forward and placed her hands on your shoulders. Her heavy P-cup breasts pressed against your chest, their heat radiating through the thin fabric of your tunic. "You look beautiful, Nelson," she said, her voice thick with approval. "Like a proper consort."

She leaned down, her lips brushing your ear. "Now. Are you ready to meet the most powerful woman on the planet? And remember... if you get hard in front of her, do not hide it. She will take it as a compliment."

Elara handed you a glass of water. "Drink," she whispered. "You're going to need the hydration."

As you drank, trying to steady your shaking hands, you realized that your life of hiding in the basement was truly, irrevocably over. You were about to be paraded in front of the rulers of this world, dressed in clothes made of light, with a raging hard-on held in a silk pouch, and terrified out of your mind.

And deep down, in a place you were scared to look at, you realized you had never felt more alive.

The journey to the Citadel was a blur of sensory overload. You were flanked by Iona and Elara, two towering pillars of feminine power who shielded you from the curious gazes of the women you passed in the corridors. But they couldn't shield you from the scent. The Citadel smelled different than the infirmary—richer, more intense. It smelled of power, of ozone, and of a concentrated, high-status musk that made your knees weak.

You were led into a massive chamber with a vaulted ceiling of transparent graphene, revealing the towering canopy of the forest above. In the center of the room, seated on a throne carved from a single piece of iridescent black wood, sat the Lord Protector.

She was terrifying.

She was easily seven feet tall, with skin like burnished bronze and hair of shocking, stark white that fell to her waist. She wore armor of black and gold that accentuated rather than hid her physique. Her breasts were monumental, easily **Q-cups**, encased in a breastplate that looked like it was molded to every curve. They were weapons of mass distraction, heavy and imposing. Her thighs, visible through the slits in her armored skirt, were thick with muscle, powerful enough to crush a man's skull.

Standing beside her was a woman who could only be the High Matriarch. She wore robes of shimmering white silk that clung to her damp skin. She was softer, rounder, with pale skin and hair the color of spun gold. Her breasts were the largest you had ever seen—**Z-cups**, truly massive, swaying gently with her breath, their sheer weight supported by some unseen magic or advanced structural engineering. Her face was flushed, her eyes heavy-lidded with a perpetual, sacred arousal.

"So," the Lord Protector's voice boomed, deep and resonant. "This is the stray."

Iona bowed low. "Lord Protector. High Matriarch. I present Nelson Beri, of the Dead World."

The Protector stood, descending the dais with slow, predatory steps. The sound of her armored boots on the stone floor echoed like thunder. She stopped inches from you. You had to crane your neck back just to look her in the eye. She smelled of storm clouds and hot metal.

"Look at him," she rumbled, reaching out to tilt your chin up with a gauntleted finger. Her touch was cold and hard. "He is... delicate. Like a bird." She looked down at your crotch, where your erection was plainly visible against the fabric of your pants. A slow, wolfish grin spread across her face. "But he stands at attention. Good."

The High Matriarch glided forward, her movement silent. She reached out and placed a hand on your chest, her palm radiating a heat that burned through your tunic. "His heart beats like a trapped rabbit," she cooed, her voice thick and syrupy. "And his Aether... oh, Protector, feel it. It is raw. Unfiltered. He is a conduit."

"Is he?" The Protector's eyes narrowed. "Or is he just a frightened boy?"

The Protector didn't wait for an answer. Her hand slid from your chin down to your throat, her thumb resting on your pulse point. "One hundred and forty beats per minute," she noted, her voice flat. "He's vibrating like a generator."

"I... I am frightened," you managed to choke out, your voice trembling but audible. Your autistic need for honesty overrode your survival instinct to stay silent. "Everything here is... too much. The noise. The smell. You."

The Protector's eyebrows shot up. "Honesty," she mused. "Rare in a male. Usually, they try to flatter or hide." She stepped closer, her massive, armored thigh pressing between yours, forcing your legs apart. The hard metal of her greave pressed against the inside of your knee, pinning you in place. "And what about me is 'too much', Nelson? My height? My rank?" She leaned down, her face inches from yours, her hot breath washing over you. "Or is it my tits?"

She shifted her torso, and the hardened breastplate encasing her **Q-cup** breasts scraped against your chest. The sound of metal on fabric was deafening in the quiet room. "Does seeing a woman who could snap you in half make you hard, little boy?"

"Yes," you whispered, the word torn from you before you could stop it.

The Protector laughed, a sharp, barking sound. "Good. Fear is a lubricant."

"Peace, Valerius," the High Matriarch interrupted, stepping into your personal space. If the Protector was a wall of iron, the Matriarch was a tsunami of flesh. She moved Valerius back with a gentle hand and took her place.

The sensation was immediate and suffocating. The High Matriarch didn't just stand near you; she enveloped you. She pressed her body against yours, and you were instantly buried in the soft, yielding, immense mass of her **Z-cup** breasts. They were warm, smelling of lilies and heavy cream, and they completely engulfed your upper body. You were drowning in goddess-flesh.

"His Aether is reacting to the proximity," the Matriarch murmured, her voice sounding drunk. Her hands slid down your back to cup your buttocks through the thin trousers. She squeezed, pulling your hips violently into hers. "Feel him, Protector. He is not just hard. He is *projecting*."

She reached between your bodies, her hand finding the bulge in your specialized underwear. The silk pouch did nothing to hide the shape; it only accentuated the rock-hard ridge of your shaft. She groaned, a low, needy sound that vibrated through her chest and into yours.

"So hot," she whispered. "Like a branding iron." She didn't just hold you; she began to grind the palm of her hand against the head of your cock through the fabric. "And he is leaking again. I can smell it. Sweet. Virgin. Potent."

"Is he?" The Protector leaned in, watching the interaction with the eyes of a hawk watching a kill. "Let me see."

Without warning, the Protector reached down and hooked her finger into the waistband of your pants, yanking them open. The High Matriarch pulled the fabric down, exposing the black silk underwear. The pouch was already dark with moisture, the sheer fabric clinging to the weeping head of your penis.

"Look at that," the Protector sneered, though her voice was thick with sudden lust. "He can't even hold it in. He's just a leaking faucet of cum." She reached out with a gloved hand—the leather textured and rough—and ran a finger over the wet spot on the silk. She brought the finger to her nose and inhaled deeply.

"Fuck," she breathed, her eyes widening. "That smells... incredible. Like ozone and sugar."

"It is the scent of the Void," the Matriarch declared, her eyes rolling back in her head as she continued to massage your cock through the silk. "He is a doorway, Valerius. A doorway to the pure Aether. Every drop of this fluid is liquid magic."

Your legs were shaking so hard you would have fallen if the Matriarch wasn't holding you up with her body. The sensation of the rough leather glove and the soft, fleshy hand working together on your exquisitely sensitive, over-stimulated cock was tearing your mind apart.

"Please," you gasped, your head falling back, exposing your throat. "I can't... I can't stop it..."

"Don't you dare stop it," the Matriarch hissed, her voice suddenly fierce. She grabbed your cock, squeezing it hard enough to bruise if you weren't so hard. "Spill for us, Nelson. Anoint the floor of the Citadel. Show the Protector your devotion."

"Do it," the Protector commanded, her voice dropping to a growl. She moved her hand to your balls, squeezing them with a possessive, dangerous pressure. "Empty yourself. Right now."

The twin commands, the crushing pressure of the Z-cups against your chest, the rough leather on your balls, and the holy hand milking your shaft—it was the end of you. You screamed, a high, broken sound, as your hips bucked uncontrollably. A massive, white-hot jet of semen shot through the silk mesh, soaking the Matriarch's hand and splashing onto the polished black stone of the throne room floor.

You came and came, wave after wave of agonizing pleasure wracking your frail body, emptying everything you had left into the hands of the rulers of the world.

The Matriarch laughed, a sound of pure, delirious joy, as she caught the fluid, rubbing it between her fingers, anointing her own breasts with your essence. "Yes! Yes! The river flows!"

The Protector watched, her expression unreadable, her pupils blown wide. "Well," she muttered, watching the puddle form at your feet. "He certainly commits." She looked up at Iona, who was watching from the sidelines with a proud smile.

"He stays," the Protector announced, her voice final. "He belongs to the Citadel now."

Your knees hit the floor—or they would have, if Valerius hadn't caught you. Her arm, encased in black articulated steel, hooked around your waist, hauling you up against her armored hip like a ragdoll. You hung there, panting, your vision swimming with black spots, the sticky warmth of your own release rapidly cooling against your skin inside the ruined silk underwear.

"Pathetic," Valerius rumbled, but the word lacked its usual bite. Instead, it was thick with a dark, heavy satisfaction. She looked down at where the High Matriarch was standing, her hands glistening with your fluids.

The Matriarch—Seraphina—was in a trance. She brought her semen-coated fingers to her nose, inhaling deeply, her eyes rolling back until only the whites showed. "Ambrosia," she moaned, her voice trembling. "It smells of the Deep Aether. Of the void before the stars." Slowly, deliberately, she licked her palm, her tongue broad and wet, cleaning the skin with a slowness that was agonizing to watch. She shuddered, a full-body ripple that sent her massive **Z-cup** breasts swaying hypnotically. "Sweet. So impossibly sweet. Not bitter like the iron-blood of our men. This is nectar."

She stepped closer to you, her eyes snapping open, blazing with a fanatical, drug-addled hunger. She reached out with a sticky finger and traced a line of your own cum across your forehead, then down the bridge of your nose, and finally pressed her thumb against your lips.

"Taste it, little prophet," she whispered, her voice husky. "Taste your own power. This is the covenant. Flesh to flesh. Fluid to fluid."

You turned your head away weakly, a whimper escaping your throat. "Please... no more..."

"Open your mouth," Valerius commanded. It wasn't a shout; it was a flat statement of fact. She squeezed your waist, her metal gauntlet digging into your soft flesh just enough to spark a jolt of pain that forced a gasp from your lips.

Seraphina seized the opportunity, sliding her thumb into your mouth. The taste was salty, musky, and shocking—the taste of your own body, harvested and returned to you by a goddess. She swirled her thumb around your tongue, forcing you to suck the fluids off her skin.

"Good," Seraphina purred, withdrawing her finger. "Now he is anointed."

Vespera, who had been watching the entire display with her goggles recording every micro-second, stepped forward, her expression annoyed. "The containment pouch failed catastrophically," she noted, pointing a laser stylus at your crotch. "The tensile strength of the silk was insufficient for the velocity of the ejaculation. It shredded the mesh. I'll need to synthesize a graphene-polymer hybrid for his next pair. Something that can withstand high-pressure hydraulics."

"Do it," Valerius said. She shifted your weight, lifting you effortlessly until your feet dangled inches off the ground. She looked at Iona. "He's physically wrecked. His legs are useless."

"He just emptied his entire bio-energetic reserve in under thirty seconds," Iona said, her voice laced with pride. "He needs sleep, protein, and hydration. In that order."

"He sleeps in my quarters," Valerius declared.

Seraphina bristled, her massive chest heaving. "He is a spiritual artifact! He belongs in the Temple, under the care of the Ecclesiarchy!"

Valerius stepped forward, using your dangling body as a shield between her and the Matriarch. "He is a strategic asset and a refugee under the protection of the Crown. The Temple can *borrow* him for rituals, Seraphina. But he sleeps in the Citadel. I will not have your priestesses fucking him into a coma before we've even debriefed him."

She looked down at you, her face inches from yours. The smell of her—hot metal, leather, and a sharp, predatory arousal that cut through the floral scent of the Matriarch—was overwhelming. "Besides," Valerius growled, her voice dropping to a whisper only you could hear. "I found him. I claimed him. And I haven't had my taste yet."

She shifted her grip, her armored hand sliding down to cup your ass through the thin trousers. She squeezed, hard. "You're going to be a lot of work, Nelson. But looking at the mess you made on my floor..." She glanced at the puddle of white fluid on the black stone. "...I think you're going to be worth the trouble."

She turned and began to march out of the throne room, carrying you like a spoil of war. "Clean that up," she barked over her shoulder to the Matriarch. "Consider it your communion."

As you were carried away, your head lolling against the cold breastplate of the Lord Protector, the last thing you saw was the High Matriarch of Domus dropping to her knees on the stone floor, her massive breasts spilling forward, as she lowered her face to the puddle you had left behind, eager to consume every last drop of the holy spill.

The rhythm of Valerius's stride was a jarring, metal-clad march that vibrated through your entire skeleton. You were clamped against her side, your face pressed into the junction of her breastplate and shoulder pauldron. The metal was cold, but the heat radiating from the woman beneath it was infernal.

"Stop shaking," Valerius rumbled, her voice vibrating through her chest armor and directly into your skull. "You're safe. You're in the grip of the deadliest weapon on the continent."

"I... I think I'm going to pass out again," you slurred, the adrenaline crash hitting you like a physical blow. The hallway was a blur of black stone and glowing green veins.

"Not yet," she commanded. "You pass out when I tell you to pass out. We're almost to the private lift."

She turned a corner sharply, nearly colliding with a pair of young Wardens on patrol. They snapped to attention, their eyes widening as they took in the sight of their terrifying Commander carrying a limp, half-dressed male with cum stains soaking his crotch.

"Commander!" they barked in unison, their eyes glued to you.

"At ease," Valerius growled, not slowing down. "Eyes up, soldiers. He's not for you."

"Is that... the Void-Stray?" one of them whispered as Valerius swept past.

"Look at the stain," the other hissed back, her voice thick with sudden hunger. "He must have blown a fuse. I can smell it from here. Sweet Mother..."

Valerius ignored them, marching into a small, private elevator and slamming her fist against the control panel. The doors hissed shut, sealing you in with her. The silence was sudden and heavy, filled only by the sound of her breathing and the rapid, bird-like flutter of your own heart.

She shifted you, lifting you higher until you were face-to-face. Her helmet was gone—she must have discarded it in the throne room—revealing her stark white hair and eyes that burned like cold fusion.

"You're a mess," she stated, her gaze roving over your flushed, tear-streaked face. "Snot, tears, cum... you've got no control, do you? Just a raw nerve."

"I'm sorry," you whispered, the shame a dull ache in your chest. "I'm not usually... like this. It's the air. The smell."

"Don't apologize," she snapped, leaning in closer. "I didn't say it was a bad thing. Control is overrated. Control is what we do to survive. What you have... this raw, messy, exploding need... it's honest. It's refreshing."

She pressed you back against the wall of the elevator, her massive, armored body pinning you. Her hand, the one not holding you up, moved to your crotch. The ruined silk underwear was slick and cold with your cooling fluids. She dug her fingers into the mess, groaning as she felt the texture.

"Still leaking," she murmured, rubbing the slime between her gloved thumb and forefinger. "My Matronas tell me your balls are like factories. That you're producing seed faster than a breeding

bull." She looked you in the eye, a dark, dangerous promise in her gaze. "Good. Because I have a very high demand."

The elevator chimed, and the doors opened into a sprawling, opulent suite. It was a stark contrast to the utilitarian corridors—furs, dark wood, weapons mounted on the walls as art, and a massive bed that looked big enough to sleep five people.

She carried you to the bed and dumped you onto it. You bounced on the mattress, your limbs sprawling. Before you could even try to sit up, she was looming over you, her fingers working the latches of her breastplate.

With a hiss of hydraulics and a heavy thud, the black armor fell away. Beneath it, she wore a simple, sweat-soaked undershirt that clung to her massive **Q-cup** breasts like a second skin. Her nipples were hard points pressing against the fabric. She smelled of intense, physical exertion and pure, concentrated arousal.

"Iona wants you to rest," she said, pulling her boots off with a grunt. "And you will. But first..." She crawled onto the bed, a predatory cat stalking a wounded bird. She straddled your legs, her weight immense, pinning you down. She reached down and grabbed the waistband of your pants, ripping them the rest of the way down with a sound of tearing fabric.

You lay there, naked from the waist down, your cock soft and sticky with your own seed.

"First," Valerius growled, looming over you, her face flushed, her eyes wild, "I need to know what a man from a dead world tastes like when he isn't being paraded around like a prized wyvern."

She didn't ask. She simply leaned down and buried her face in your crotch, inhaling deeply, before her tongue—rough, wide, and demanding—began to lick the drying semen from your thighs, cleaning you with the thorough, possessive intensity of a lioness claiming her kill.

"Sweet," she mumbled against your skin, the vibration sending a jolt of electricity through your exhausted nerves. "Fucking sweet."

The sensation of her tongue—rough like a cat's, wet and shockingly hot—lapping at your inner thigh was overwhelming. It wasn't gentle. It was a claiming. Valerius wasn't cleaning you out of kindness; she was consuming you. Every lick was a statement of ownership, stripping away the remnants of your previous climax and replacing it with the sensation of her mouth.

"You're salty," she murmured, her voice muffled against your groin. She shifted, her nose nudging your balls aside with the subtlety of a bulldozer. "And musky. Like fear and honey. It's... addicting."

You lay paralyzed, staring up at the ceiling where a massive chandelier of glowing crystals hung. Your hands gripped the sheets, knuckles white. You were exhausted, drained, empty... and yet, your traitorous body was waking up again. The sheer proximity of her—the heat of her

massive Q-cup breasts hovering inches above your stomach, the smell of her sweat and leather—was jump-starting your system.

"No," you whimpered weakly. "I can't... I don't have anything left."

Valerius paused, lifting her head. Her face was smeared with your dried fluids, her eyes bright and manic. She saw the twitch in your semi-soft cock, the way it was starting to thicken again despite your protests.

"Liar," she grinned, a terrifying, predatory expression. "Look at him. The little soldier wants to salute. He knows who's in charge."

She moved her hands up your torso, gripping your narrow waist with enough force to leave bruises. "You think you're empty because you're used to Earth limits," she growled, her face moving up your body until she was hovering over yours. "Here, the tank is deeper. And I am going to drain every drop."

She sat back on her heels, straddling your hips, her full weight pressing you into the mattress. With a quick, impatient motion, she grabbed the hem of her sweat-soaked undershirt and hauled it over her head.

The sight knocked the breath out of you. Her breasts swung free, two colossal, heavy globes of pale flesh veined with blue, capped with nipples the size of silver dollars that were darker, almost purple, and erect as bullets. They were monumental. They swayed with a heavy, mesmerizing gravity as she moved.

"Like what you see, stray?" she taunted, seeing your eyes widen. She grabbed one of her breasts, weighing it in her hand, the flesh spilling over her fingers. "I bet you've never seen tits that could smother you before. Well, get used to it."

She leaned forward, and for a terrifying second, you thought she *was* going to smother you. Instead, she pressed the underside of her right breast against your face. It was hot, soft, and smelled intensely of female musk.

"Open up," she commanded.

You opened your mouth, and she fed her nipple to you. It was huge, filling your mouth completely, the texture rough and rubbery. As soon as your tongue touched it, she let out a low, guttural moan that vibrated through her chest and into your skull.

"Suck it," she hissed, her hips grinding down onto yours. "Suck it like you're starving. Because you are."

You obeyed, driven by instinct and fear. You sucked, your cheeks hollowing. And then, it happened. A warm, sweet flood hit the back of your throat. Milk. Thick, rich, and tasting of vanilla and something metallic.

"That's it," Valerius groaned, her head thrown back, her hands gripping your hair. "Drink. Take it all. That's pure protein, boy. That's what's going to turn those bird bones of yours into steel."

As you drank, swallowing gulp after gulp of the rich fluid, you felt a strange heat spreading through your belly. It wasn't just food; it was fuel. Your exhaustion began to recede, replaced by a buzzing, frantic energy. Your cock, which had been half-hearted, surged to full, rock-hard life, pressing against the damp heat of her crotch.

Valerius felt it. She pulled back, her nipple popping out of your mouth with a wet *pop*. A stream of milk sprayed across your cheek. She laughed, wiping it away with her thumb and licking it off.

"There he is," she purred, looking down at your erection, which was now throbbing against her inner thigh. "Refueled and ready for duty."

She reached down, her hand engulfing your cock. "You're so small everywhere else," she mused, stroking you with a firm, bruising grip. "But this... this is a weapon. A little granite spike." She squeezed the base, and you cried out as the pressure built instantly. "And it's loaded again. I can feel it."

She lifted her hips, positioning herself. You saw the dark, wet patch of her own arousal on her pants, glistening in the light. She didn't bother taking them off. She just unlaced the crotch, exposing her own slick, swollen flesh. The smell hit you—oceanic, pungent, and raw.

"I'm going to ride you until you break, Nelson," she whispered, her eyes locking onto yours. "And then I'm going to put you back together. Welcome to the Guard."

She lowered herself. The head of your cock met her wet heat. It was tight, incredibly hot, and gripping. She sank down, inch by inch, taking you inside her. You gasped, your back arching, the sensation of being enveloped by her powerful, muscular internal walls overwhelming your senses.

"Fuck," she grunted, slamming down until her clit ground against your pubic bone. "You fit perfectly. Like a key."

She began to move.

The first movement was a slow, grinding rotation of her hips that stole the breath from your lungs. Valerius was heavy—solid muscle and dense bone—and she used that weight as a weapon. She ground her pubic bone against yours, the friction intense and bruising, pinning you to the mattress like an insect pinned to a board.

"Ugh, fuck," she grunted, her head thrown back, the cords of her neck standing out. "You feel... different inside. Not like a vibrator. Not like a fingers. You're hot. You pulse."

She began to bounce, slowly at first, then picking up speed. The sensation was maddening. Her internal walls were incredibly muscular, rippling and contracting around your shaft with a

rhythmic, milking pressure that felt less like a vagina and more like a velvet-lined hydraulic pump. With every downstroke, she squeezed the air out of you; with every upstroke, she dragged a whimper from your throat.

"You like that?" she snarled, looking down at you through a curtain of white hair. "You like being my seat cushion? My little fuck-sleeve?"

"Yes... god, yes..." you gasped, your hands scrabbling uselessly against her hips, trying to find purchase on her sweat-slick skin. "It's so tight... Valerius, please..."

"Tight?" She laughed, a harsh, breathless sound. "I haven't even started clamping yet."

To demonstrate, she clenched her pelvic floor muscles. It felt like a fist closing around your cock. The pressure was immense, stopping the blood flow, pushing you to the absolute edge of orgasm instantly. You cried out, your hips bucking involuntarily, trying to drive deeper to relieve the pressure.

"That's it," she hissed. "Fight back. Don't just lay there like a corpse. Give me something to work with."

She leaned forward, bringing her massive torso down. Her **Q-cup** breasts descended like storm clouds, effectively sealing off your world. She pressed them against your face, burying you in the hot, suffocating mass of flesh. The smell of milk and musk was overpowering. You were blind, deaf to everything but the wet *slap-slap-slap* of her hips meeting yours and the guttural sounds of her pleasure.

Then the milk started again. Stimulated by the sex and the friction, her nipples began to leak freely. You felt the warm, sticky fluid coating your cheeks, running into your nose, dripping into your eyes. You licked frantically, trying to breathe, trying to swallow the flow.

"Drink it!" she roared, her voice muffled by the flesh pressing against your ears. "I'm feeding you, you ungrateful little shit! Drink your Commander's milk!"

Below, the friction was turning into a fire. She was so wet—impossibly, absurdly wet—that the sound of sex was a loud, squelching churn. Her fluids, mixed with your previous leakage, coated your thighs, the sheets, everything. It was like fucking a warm ocean wave.

"I'm close," she groaned, her rhythm becoming erratic, violent. She stopped bouncing and started grinding in sharp, jerky circles, her nails digging into your chest, drawing blood. "I'm going to crush you. I'm going to snap you off inside me."

Her internal muscles began to spasm, fluttering wildly against your shaft. The sensation was too much. The combination of the milk drowning you, her weight crushing you, and her pussy milking you pushed you over the edge.

"Valerius! I'm coming! I'm coming!" you screamed into her cleavage, your voice muffled and panicked.

"Come then!" she shrieked. She slammed her hips down one final time, burying your cock to the hilt, and held it there. She clamped down with everything she had, a vice-grip that locked you in place.

Your orgasm hit with the force of a seizure. It was painful, blinding, and endless. You erupted inside her, jet after jet of hot seed firing directly against her cervix. The force of it seemed to trigger her own release.

She roared, a primal, terrifying sound, as her body convulsed. She rode out your orgasm, grinding down hard on every pulse, milking you dry with a ruthless, predatory efficiency. You felt her cervix dip and spasm against the head of your cock, bathing it in her own hot, copious fluids.

She didn't stop until you were shooting blanks, dry-heaving with pleasure-pain, your entire body vibrating. Only then did she collapse on top of you, her massive weight pinning you to the soaked sheets.

For a long time, the only sound was the harsh rasp of her breathing and your own wheezing gasps. You were drowning in sweat, milk, and sex fluids. You felt completely hollowed out, as if she had consumed your soul along with your seed.

Valerius lifted her head sluggishly, her hair a messy halo around her flushed face. She looked down at you, her eyes heavy-lidded and satisfied. She licked her lips, tasting the sweat on her upper lip.

"Not bad," she whispered, her voice a low rumble against your chest. She shifted her hips, feeling your softening cock slip out of her with a wet *shhhluck* sound. A gush of mixed fluids—yours and hers—followed, pooling warmly between your legs.

She rolled off you, landing heavily on the mattress. She reached out and grabbed your jaw, forcing you to look at her.

"You survived," she said, a smirk tugging at the corner of her mouth. "Barely. But you survived." She ran a thumb over your lips, wiping away a streak of milk. "Get some sleep, Nelson. You're going to need it. Because tomorrow... tomorrow I introduce you to the rest of the Guard. And they're all very, very hungry."

You lay there, paralyzed, your chest heaving in shallow, jagged gasps. The air in the room was thick, heavy with the copper tang of sex, the sweetness of the milk that was drying sticky on your face, and the pungent, bleach-like smell of the pool of fluids soaking into the mattress beneath you. It was a swamp of intimacy.

Valerius shifted, the bed groaning under her shifting mass. She didn't get up to clean. She didn't call for a servant. Instead, she reached out with a massive arm, hooked it around your waist,

and dragged your limp, slippery body backward until your back was pressed flush against her front.

It was like being spooned by a blast furnace.

"Don't wipe it off," she commanded, her voice vibrating against your shoulder blades. You had instinctively tried to brush the drying milk from your cheek. She grabbed your wrist, stopping you. "Leave it. I want you smelling like me. Like *us*."

She draped her leg over yours, her thigh heavy and thick with muscle, effectively pinning you to the bed. Her pubic hair, coarse and wet with the mix of your seed and her slickness, pressed against your buttock.

"You're twitching," she noted, her hand moving to rest flat on your chest, covering it almost entirely. "Nerves are still misfiring."

"I... I can't feel my legs," you whispered, the truth of it terrifying you slightly.

"Good. That means I hit the spot," Valerius chuckled darkly. She nuzzled the back of your neck, inhaling deeply. "You know, for a runt, you hold a lot of load. I felt it hit my cervix. Like a little hydraulic punch." She squeezed your chest. "You bred me deep, Nelson. If I were cycling right now, you'd have put a baby in me tonight. No question."

The words sent a jolt of primal fear and strange, dizzying arousal through you. *Breeding. Baby.* The concepts were too big, too real.

"I... I didn't mean to..."

"Shut up," she grunted, biting your earlobe lightly, just hard enough to sting. "Of course you meant to. Your biology meant to. That's why you're here. You're not here to write code or fix engines, though I'm sure the Nerds at the Lyceum will have you doing that too. You're here to fill us up."

She shifted her arm, her hand sliding down your stomach to cup your balls. They were tender, drained, and tight against your body. She massaged them slowly, a heavy, rhythmic kneading that was halfway between a medical exam and a threat.

"Empty," she murmured, sounding satisfied. "Like dried figs." Then she paused. Her fingers stopped kneading and started exploring the base of your shaft. "But look at this..."

Despite your exhaustion, despite the fact that you felt like you'd been run over by a truck, your body was reacting to her touch *again*. The blood flow, supercharged by the milk you'd swallowed, was already working to repair and refill. Your cock was stirring, thickening in her grip, fighting a losing battle against gravity but trying nonetheless.

"Resilient little fucker," she whispered, sounding genuinely impressed. "Most of our men need a day to recover after a drain like that. You're already trying to recharge."

"Please," you whined, a pathetic sound. "Valerius... it hurts. It's too sensitive."

"Sensitivity is good," she countered, her grip tightening just enough to make you gasp. "It keeps you honest." She didn't let go. She held your semi-hard cock like a trophy, her thumb idly rubbing the head, collecting the tiny bead of clear fluid that was already weeping from the slit.

"Sleep," she ordered, her tone final. "But don't think you're getting away. You stay right here. Plugged into the source."

She pressed her body even closer, molding herself against your back until there wasn't a millimeter of space between you. Her breathing slowed, deepening into a heavy, rhythmic slumber. You were trapped. Encased in muscle, heat, and the overwhelming scent of a woman who had just used you to sate a hunger deeper than starvation.

You closed your eyes, the darkness of the room pressing in. But it wasn't the lonely darkness of your basement. It was a crowded, heavy darkness. You could hear the steady *thump-thump-thump* of her massive heart against your back. You could feel the slow rise and fall of her Q-cup breasts against your shoulder. And, most terrifyingly, you could feel the wet, sticky bond drying between your bodies, gluing you together.

Just as you began to drift off, Valerius mumbled something in her sleep, her voice thick and slurring.

"Mine," she grunted. "Little... leaking... prince. Mine."

And then she let out a snore that shook the bedframe.

The morning didn't break; it crashed into the room.

You woke up not to light, but to heat. Suffocating, damp, heavy heat. You were still the little spoon, trapped against Valerius's massive frame. The sweat had dried and then reactivated during the night, cementing your skin to hers. You tried to shift your leg, and the sound of your skin peeling away from her thigh was a wet, sticky *shhhhk* that sounded obscenely loud in the quiet room.

"Stop squirming," Valerius mumbled, her voice a gravelly rumble that vibrated directly into your spine. She didn't open her eyes. Instead, she tightened her grip around your waist, her forearm crushing your bladder.

"I... I have to pee," you whispered, the pressure intense. But there was a problem. A big, hard problem.

Your morning erection was back, and it was angrier than before. It was wedged tight between your stomach and the mattress, compressed painfully. The head was throbbing, rubbing against the ruined, crusty remnants of the silk underwear you were still wearing.

Valerius shifted, her breathing changing from the deep rhythm of sleep to the heavier, conscious rhythm of waking. She inhaled deeply, smelling the back of your neck.

"You smell ripe," she grunted, sounding pleased. "Like old milk and sex."

She moved her hand from your waist down to your crotch. She didn't possess a gentle setting. She grabbed your morning wood through the fabric with a bruising grip, like she was grabbing a gearshift.

"And you're hard. Again." She chuckled, a dark, low sound. "My little perpetual motion machine."

"Valerius... please," you whimpered, your hips twitching involuntarily against her groin. The pressure in your bladder was excruciating, mixing with the rock-hard ache of your erection to create a confused, urgent cocktail of pain and need. "I need... the bathroom. I'm going to burst."

Valerius snorted, shifting her weight so she was hovering over you, her knees bracketing your hips. She looked down, her hair a messy white curtain, her face puffy with sleep but her eyes sharp. She reached down and pressed the heel of her hand directly into your lower abdomen, right over your distended bladder.

"Fuck, you are full," she observed, watching you wince and squirm. "But so am I, Nelson. My tits are killing me. I'm engorged. And unlike you, I can't just unzip and shake it out."

She sat back on her haunches, her massive thighs spreading wide. The view was obscene. Her pussy, swollen and dark purple, was coated in a thick, drying glaze of yesterday's fluids. She didn't cover up. She leaned forward, grabbing her massive right breast with both hands. It was rock hard, the blue veins pulsing under the skin.

"Breakfast first," she commanded. "Then we deal with the plumbing."

She lowered herself onto your face.

There was no negotiation. One moment you were looking at her, the next your world was obliterated by the suffocating, hot mass of her **Q-cup** breast. It slammed into your face like a wet sandbag. The nipple, hard as a lug nut and twice as wide, forced its way between your lips.

"Suck," she ordered, her voice vibrating through the flesh pressing against your ear. "Relieve the pressure. I'm backed up."

You latched on, driven by the fetish that had haunted your teenage years. The taste was instant—warm, thick, metallic-sweet milk jetting into your mouth with the force of a firehose. You

gagged, struggling to swallow fast enough, milk spilling out of the corners of your lips, running into your ears, soaking the pillow.

But as you drank, the pressure in your bladder spiked. The sound of the liquid rushing down your throat, the feeling of your stomach filling up—it triggered a sympathetic response in your urinary tract. You bucked your hips, trying to clamp your urethra shut.

"Mmm... *glug, glug, glug*," Valerius mocked, feeling your desperation. She lifted her hips slightly, reaching down between your bodies. Her hand found your raging hard-on, trapped in the ruined silk. She ripped the fabric the rest of the way, freeing your cock. It sprang up, leaking pre-cum.

Then, she did the unthinkable. She slid her hand lower and cupped your balls, squeezing them while simultaneously digging her thumb into your perineum, pressing directly on your prostate.

"You're dancing, little boy," she mumbled, switching breasts, shoving the left nipple into your mouth without giving you a breath. "You really have to piss, don't you?"

"Mmph! Mmph!" you panicked, shaking your head, milk spraying everywhere.

"Do it," she growled.

The command froze you. You stopped sucking for a second, your eyes widening beneath the smothering flesh.

Valerius pulled back just an inch, looking down at you with a cruel, expectant grin. Milk dripped from her nipple onto your nose. "I said, do it. Piss. Right now. On me."

"I... I can't!" you gasped, the shame burning hotter than the lust. "It's... it's dirty! I can't piss the bed!"

"It's not a bed, it's a battlefield, you idiot," she snapped. "And it's not dirt. It's marking. I want to smell you. I want to feel how hot you are inside." She grabbed your cock, aiming the head towards her own inner thigh, right where it joined her hip. "Let it go, Nelson. Surrender."

She began to squeeze your bladder with her other hand, pushing down ruthlessly. The physical pressure, combined with the command from this terrifying, lactating goddess, broke your will.

With a sob of pure humiliation, you lost control.

The stream started as a hesitant spurt, then became a steady, hissing torrent. Hot, yellow urine erupted from you, splashing against Valerius's thick, muscular thigh. The sound was incredibly loud in the quiet room—the distinct, animalistic sound of fluid hitting flesh.

"Yes..." Valerius hissed, her eyes dilating as the warmth hit her skin. She didn't pull away. She leaned into it. She grabbed her own thigh, smearing your piss across her skin, mixing it with the dried cum and sweat. "Fuck, that's hot. You were holding so much."

The smell rose up instantly—acrid, sharp, and unmistakably primitive. It mixed with the sweet scent of the breast milk and the heavy musk of sex, creating a chaotic, dizzying bouquet of biological filth. To your horror, and your absolute delight, it didn't turn you off. It sent you over the edge.

As you lay there, peeing yourself like a helpless infant while a giant woman milked herself onto your face, your fetish brain lit up like a Christmas tree. This was it. The ultimate degradation. The ultimate acceptance.

"Look at you," Valerius cooed, watching the yellow stream pool around her knee and soak into the sheets. "Marking your territory. Marking your owner." She dipped her finger into the puddle of urine on her leg and brought it to your lips. "Taste it. Taste your submission."

You opened your mouth, helpless, and she rubbed your own piss onto your tongue, mixing it with the lingering taste of her milk. It was salty, bitter, and overwhelming.

"Good boy," she whispered, leaning down to kiss you deeply, her tongue sweeping your mouth, sharing the taste of your waste. "Now finish your breakfast. I'm not empty yet."

The kiss was bruising, a clash of teeth and tongues that tasted of milk, piss, and morning breath. Valerius pulled back, breathless, her eyes shining with a maniacal light. The puddle of urine was cooling against her thigh and your hip, a swampy reminder of your total loss of control.

"Now," she grunted, shifting her weight. "Since you've marked the outside... let's see if you can fill the inside."

She moved off your chest, the loss of her weight allowing you to take a ragged gasp of air. But the reprieve was short-lived. She spun around on her knees, presenting her massive, muscular ass to your face. It blocked out the light—two hemispheres of power, etched with the faint white lines of old scars and glistening with sweat.

"Get up," she commanded, grabbing her own cheeks and spreading them. The sight was startlingly intimate. Her asshole was tight, dark, and puckered, while her pussy, swollen and wet, hung open slightly, a testament to her size and prior use. "On your knees behind me. Now."

You scrambled up, slipping on the wet sheets, your knees sliding in the mixture of urine and milk. You positioned yourself behind her, feeling small and fragile next to the sheer scale of her hindquarters.

"I... I don't have a condom," you stammered, your brain still trying to apply Earth logic to Xenian chaos.

"Condom?" Valerius laughed, looking back over her shoulder. "You're going to use those little balls of yours, Nelson. I want to feel you raw. I want your DNA swimming in me." She reached

back, grabbing your rock-hard, piss-streaked cock. "Besides, I'm already wet enough to drown you."

She guided you in. It wasn't a slow entry. She simply impaled herself backward onto you.

"Fuck!" you cried out as her heat swallowed you whole. It was tighter than before, the muscles clamping down instantly. The sensation of her wet, hot flesh gripping your shaft was overwhelming.

"Deeper," she ordered, reaching back to grab your hips and pull you into her. "Bury it. Hit the back wall."

You thrust, your movements frantic and jerky. The sound of skin slapping skin was wet and loud—*shhh-wack, shhh-wack*—amplified by the fluids coating both of you.

"That's it," she groaned, dropping her head to the mattress, her ass high in the air. "Pound it. Like you hate me. Like you're trying to break me."

But you couldn't break her. She was a mountain. You were just a climber trying not to fall off. You grabbed her waist, your fingers sinking into the hard muscle, and drove into her with everything you had.

"Harder!" she screamed, her voice muffled by the pillow. "Make me feel it! I want you to squirt inside me! I want you to fill me up!"

"I'm trying!" you gasped, sweat stinging your eyes. Your hips were already burning, your stamina dangerously low despite the nutrient load. But the sight of her—this colossal, warrior-goddess presenting herself to you, demanding your seed—tapped into a reservoir of primal energy you didn't know you had.

You drove into her, the rhythm chaotic and desperate. *Slap. Squish. Grunt.* The smell of piss and sex was thick in the air, a heady, dirty perfume that fueled your lust.

"Don't just fuck me," Valerius snarled, lifting her head to glare at you over her shoulder. Her face was flushed, her lips swollen. "Own me. Grab my hair. Slap my ass. Do something!"

Terrified but obedient, you reached out and smacked her left butt cheek. It was like hitting a slab of beef. Your hand stung.

"Harder!" she roared. "Is that all you've got? Hit me!"

You swung again, putting your shoulder into it. *THWACK.*

"Yes!" she hissed. "Again!"

You fell into a rhythm—thrust, slap, thrust, slap. Her ass turned a bright, angry red, but she only ground back harder against you, her internal muscles milking you with terrifying strength.

"I'm close," she moaned, her voice dropping to a guttural purr. "Nelson... hit my spot. Grind... grind up."

You adjusted your angle, thrusting upward, your pubic bone grinding against her clitoris and buttocks. Her reaction was instantaneous. Her back arched, her toes curled into the mattress, and a low, keening wail began to build in her throat.

"Fuck... fuck... there! Right there!"

Her vaginal walls began to flutter, gripping your cock like a fist. The sensation was electric. It dragged you to the edge in seconds.

"Valerius... I'm gonna..."

"Cum!" she screamed. "Cum in me! Breed me! Fill me up, you little fucker!"

You exploded. It was violent, painful, and ecstatic. You buried your face in the curve of her spine, screaming her name as you pumped jet after jet of semen deep inside her.

Valerius roared with you, her orgasm hitting like a tidal wave. She clamped down so hard you thought she might sever your cock. Her body bucked wildly, throwing you off balance, but she kept you locked inside, milking every last drop.

"Yeah... yeah... give it to me..." she panted, her voice ragged. "All of it. Every drop."

You collapsed onto her back, your heart hammering against her ribs. You were spent. Drained. Empty.

For a long moment, there was only the sound of heavy breathing. Then, Valerius chuckled. A dark, satisfied sound.

"Well," she murmured, reaching back to pat your sweaty, trembling flank. "Looks like the plumbing works just fine." She shifted, letting your softening cock slip out. A gush of mixed fluids ran down her inner thighs.

Valerius rolled over, the movement creating a squelching sound as her sweat-slicked back slid against the sodden sheets. She caught you before you could roll off the edge of the bed, her massive arm hooking around your waist and hauling you effortlessly onto her chest.

You landed with a thud against her breasts, your face buried between the two colossal mounds of flesh. They were slick with sweat and leaked milk, hot like radiators. The smell—ammonia from the urine, the bleach-scent of semen, and the deep, rich musk of her arousal—was a chemical weapon of intimacy.

"Don't pass out yet, soldier," she rumbled, her voice vibrating through her ribcage into your cheek. "We need to assess the damage."

She shifted, grabbing your chin and forcing you to look at her. Her face was flushed, her white hair plastered to her forehead. She looked wild, magnificent, and terrifyingly satisfied.

"I... I pissed the bed," you whispered, the shame cutting through the endorphin haze. "Valerius, I'm sorry. It's disgusting."

"It's perfect," she corrected, her eyes narrowing. She reached down between your bodies, rubbing her hand into the wet patch on the sheet where the urine and milk had pooled. She brought her glistening hand up to your face. "Smell it."

You tried to turn away, but she grabbed your jaw. "Smell. It."

You inhaled. It was sharp, salty, and primitive.

"That's you," she growled. "And that's me. Mixed together. You marked my bed, Nelson. You marked *me*. Do you have any idea how many men would kill to scent-mark a Lord Protector?" She smeared the fluid onto her own neck, rubbing it into her skin like a grotesque perfume. "Now everyone who walks into this room will know you own a piece of it."

She looked down at your limp, battered cock, which was resting against her stomach. It was red, slightly swollen from the friction, and coated in a glaze of drying fluids.

"You took a beating," she noted, her voice dropping to a surprisingly gentle timbre. She ran a thumb over the head. You flinched, the sensitivity intense. "But you didn't break. You're tougher than you look."

"I feel broken," you admitted, your voice cracking. "I feel like you turned me inside out."

"That's just the emptiness," she said dismissively. "You're running on empty. You dumped a gallon of cum and a pint of piss. You're dehydrated."

She shifted her weight, bringing her right breast up to your mouth. She squeezed the base of it with both hands, compressing the massive **Q-cup** volume. A spray of milk jetted out, hitting your lips.

"Refill," she ordered. "Now."

It wasn't a sexual request this time; it was logistical. You opened your mouth, and she pressed the nipple in. You began to suckle, the warm, sweet fluid coating your throat, washing away the taste of urine and sweat. It was comforting, hypnotic. The rhythmic motion of your jaw seemed to lull her as well. Her breathing slowed, her hand coming up to stroke your hair, her fingers tangling in the curls.

"Good boy," she murmured, watching you drink. "Drain me. My tits are still hard as rocks. You barely made a dent."

As you drank, calming down, a chime sounded from the door.

"Enter!" Valerius barked, not bothering to move you or cover up.

The door slid open, and Vespera walked in, carrying a bundle of black fabric. She stopped, her goggles zooming in on the tableau: the Lord Protector of Domus, naked and covered in bodily fluids, nursing a small, frail man amidst a ruin of soaked sheets.

Vespera didn't even blink. "I have the reinforced undergarments, Commander. Graphene-weave with a kinetic-dampening pouch. Guaranteed leak-proof up to 500 PSI."

"Good," Valerius grunted, pulling her nipple out of your mouth with a wet *pop*. Milk dribbled down your chin. "Put them on the table. And get a cleaning drone in here. We need fresh sheets."

"Shall I schedule a medical check for the Consort?" Vespera asked, eyeing your exhausted form.

"No," Valerius said, wrapping her arms around you and squeezing tight, possessing you completely. "He stays right here. I'm not done with him. He's got a recharge cycle of about twenty minutes, and I intend to use it."

She looked down at you, wiping the milk from your lip with her thumb. "You hear that, Nelson? Twenty minutes. Close your eyes. Digest that protein. Because round two is going to be a lot harder."

Vespera didn't leave. Instead, she walked to the side of the bed, her movements sharp and precise, the tools in her vest clinking softly. She stood over you and Valerius, her goggles retracting with a soft *whirrr* to reveal eyes that were a piercing, bioluminescent violet.

"Twenty minutes might be optimistic, Commander," Vespera noted coolly, her gaze locked on your crotch. Even in your exhausted state, nestled against Valerius's damp warmth, the presence of a second, unfamiliar predator sent a jolt of adrenaline through your system. "His vascular refill rate is accelerating. He's reacting to my proximity."

She was right. As Vespera leaned in, the mesh top she wore gaped open. Her breasts, massive **O-cups** that looked like heavy, dark teardrops of obsidian, swung free. They were impossibly heavy, swaying with a dense, liquid momentum. The nipples were jet black, protruding like rivets, and—you realized with a start—they were pierced with glowing blue graphene bars.

"I need to calibrate the pouch before he puts it on," Vespera stated, reaching out with a hand that felt cool and dry compared to Valerius's furnace heat. She grabbed your semi-soft penis, lifting it out of the sticky mess on Valerius's stomach. "The previous failure was due to unexpected volumetric expansion. I need to induce a partial erection to measure the tensile stress."

"Do it," Valerius grunted from behind you, her chin resting on your shoulder. She tightened her arm around your waist, trapping you. "Make him grow, Weaver."

Vespera didn't use a gentle touch. She used a technician's grip—firm, efficient, and exploring. She ran her thumb over the head of your cock, smearing the mixture of drying cum and Valerius's fluids.

"Filthy," she commented, but her nostrils flared. She leaned down, sniffing your groin. "High ammonia content. Mixed with... sucrose? And lipids." She looked at Valerius. "You fed him milk while he pissed on you?"

"Multitasking," Valerius smirked, biting your shoulder.

Vespera hummed, a low, electronic sound. "Efficient." She squeezed the base of your shaft. "Come on, little piston. Show me the specs."

Your body betrayed you instantly. Between Valerius breathing hot air down your neck and Vespera's cool, technical fingers manipulating your cock, the blood rushed back with a vengeance. You groaned, your hips bucking upward involuntarily.

"There's the pressure," Vespera observed, watching your cock thicken and lengthen in her grip. "Look at the vascularity. The veins are distended. He's engorging rapidly."

"It hurts," you gasped, the skin of your penis feeling tight and over-sensitive. "It's too much..."

"Pain is data," Vespera said dismissively. She used her other hand to pull a small tub of clear gel from her vest. "Graphene-infused lubricant. Highly conductive. Let's see if we can get a maximum hardness reading."

She slathered the cold gel onto your cock and began to stroke you. It wasn't a sensual stroke; it was a calibration test. She varied the speed—slow, then fast, then a twisting motion.

"Stop squirming," she ordered, as you tried to twist away from the intense sensation. "I need to see the leakage point."

"He leaks when he's close," Valerius supplied helpfully, her hand creeping down to cup your balls, adding her own pressure. "He's a precum fountain."

"Is he?" Vespera's violet eyes narrowed. She increased the speed, her hand becoming a blur. The cold gel turned warm with friction. The sensation of being masturbated by a stranger while being spooned by your owner was overloading your brain.

"Oh god... Vespera..." you whined, your head thrashing on Valerius's chest.

"Leaking confirmed," Vespera announced. A thick, clear bead of pre-cum welled up, mixing with the gel. She stopped stroking and scooped up the fluid, rubbing it between her fingers. She pulled her fingers apart, testing the viscosity. "Stringy. Highly adhesive. This is excellent biological sealant."

She looked at Valerius, and for the first time, the professional mask slipped. A hunger, dark and robotic, entered her eyes.

"Commander," Vespera said, her voice dropping an octave. "The calibration requires... internal testing. The pouch mimics the pressure of a vaginal canal. I need to baseline his thrust force against a live resistance."

Valerius laughed, a rumble that shook your whole body. "You just want a ride, Vespera. You smell the piss and the cum and you're dripping into your boots."

Vespera didn't deny it. She stepped back and unzipped her heavy utility pants. They fell to her ankles. She wasn't wearing underwear. Her pussy was a vertical slit in the dark obsidian skin, completely hairless, and glistening with a thick, blue-tinted lubricant that looked synthetic.

"His biological signature is compatible," Vespera stated, climbing onto the bed. The mattress dipped dangerously under the combined weight of three people. "And my O-cups are currently at 85% capacity. I require expression."

She crawled over you, straddling your face while Valerius held you down. Her massive, dark breasts dangled inches from your nose, the glowing blue piercings humming softly.

"Open," Vespera commanded.

"Wait!" you panicked. "I can't... I'm already..."

"Silence," Valerius ordered, squeezing your balls. "The Weaver wants a taste. You give it to her."

Vespera lowered herself. Her heavy, chemically-scented pussy pressed against your forehead, while her breasts descended on your mouth.

"Suck the left one," she instructed, shoving the pierced nipple between your lips. It tasted of cool metal and ozone. "It has the highest pressure."

As you began to suck, tasting the strange, electrifying milk that flowed from her—colder than Valerius's, tingling on your tongue like a battery—Vespera reached down and grabbed your raging hard-on.

"Now," she said, lining herself up with your face while her hand guided your cock towards Valerius. "Commander, if you would be so kind as to receive him again? I want to measure his pelvic thrust while he drains me."

"With pleasure," Valerius growled. She spread her legs, guiding your slick, gel-covered cock back into her sore, wet heat. "Welcome back inside, Nelson."

You were the bridge. Your mouth was filled with Vespera's electric milk, your nose buried in her tech-scented crotch, while your cock was buried deep inside Valerius's musk-heavy, used pussy.

The sensation of being the pivot point between two titans was maddening. Above you, Vespera was a cold, efficient storm—her breasts suffocating you with their mass, the blue graphene piercing clicking against your teeth as you tried to latch onto the massive, swollen nipple. The milk she produced wasn't just cold; it fizzed slightly, carbonated with some strange bio-electric charge that made your tongue numb and your salivary glands ache.

Below you, Valerius was a furnace. She was already sore and over-sensitive from the first round, and the re-entry was met with a guttural groan that vibrated through her chest and into your back.

"Fuck," Valerius hissed, her hips snapping up to meet your thrusts, which were involuntary jerks driven by Vespera's hands on your hips. "He's still hard. Even after I drained him dry. Look at him go."

"Fascinating," Vespera murmured, her voice muffled by her own breast being shoved into your face. She wasn't just watching; she was using you. She began to grind her crotch against your nose, her labia swollen and slick with a lubricant that smelled like ozone and new plastic. "His oral suction pressure is... adequate. Though he needs to learn to modulate the tongue frequency."

She reached down, her cool, strong fingers finding the base of your cock where it disappeared inside Valerius. "Maximum penetration achieved," she noted, her tone still clinical despite the flushed darkening of her obsidian skin. "Commander, report sensation. Is the friction coefficient within tolerance?"

"Tolerance?" Valerius laughed, a breathless, ragged sound. She bucked her hips hard, slamming your pubic bone against her ass. "He feels like a hot iron rod wrapped in sandpaper. It burns, Vespera. It fucking burns so good."

You were drowning. Between the electric milk filling your mouth, the suffocating weight of Vespera's O-cups pressing down on your eyes, and the relentless, grinding heat of Valerius's pussy milking you from behind, your senses were overloading.

"Mmph! Gglglgl!" you tried to protest, milk spilling out the corners of your mouth and running into your ears.

"Swallow," Vespera commanded, pressing her breast down harder, effectively waterboarding you with lactation. "Do not waste the yield. This formula is highly enriched with neural accelerants. It will sharpen your mind."

"And keep pumping," Valerius added, reaching around to grab your hip, her nails digging in. "Don't you dare go soft on me now. I can feel you twitching. You're close again, aren't you?"

You were. The combination of the weird, stimulating milk, the dual sensory deprivation of being smothered, and the raw, animalistic friction was pushing you toward a second climax faster than you thought possible. Your balls tightened painfully.

"I... I..." you gasped, pulling your mouth free of Vespera's nipple for a split second. "I'm gonna cum! It's too much!"

"Not yet," Vespera stated calmly. She reached down between your legs and pressed her thumb firmly against your perineum, right on the prostate. The pressure was intense, stopping the ejaculation cold.

"Gah!" you cried out, your body seizing up.

"Edging protocol initiated," Vespera explained, looking down at you with glowing violet eyes. "We need to maximize the volume. Build the pressure. Commander, squeeze him."

"With pleasure," Valerius growled. She clenched her internal muscles around your trapped cock, a vice-grip that made your vision white out.

"Now," Vespera said, positioning her clitoris directly over your nose. "Lick. I require stimulation to release the secondary valve."

"Lick her!" Valerius roared in your ear. "Do what the Weaver says!"

Terrified and horny beyond reason, you obeyed. You stuck out your tongue and began to lap at Vespera's slick, synthetic-tasting pussy. She tasted of copper and ozone.

"Efficient," Vespera hummed, her hips beginning to grind against your face in a slow, mechanical rhythm. "His tongue dexterity is... acceptable. Increasing tempo."

She began to fuck your face, her movements precise and relentless. At the same time, Valerius began to piston her hips against your ass, fucking you back. You were the meat in a goddess sandwich.

"Harder!" Valerius screamed, her nails raking down your chest. "Make him scream, Vespera! Make him beg for it!"

"He is already begging," Vespera noted, her voice trembling slightly as she approached her own release. "His vocalizations indicate extreme distress and arousal. Perfect."

She removed her thumb from your prostate.

"Release authorized," she whispered.

The orgasm hit you like a freight train. You screamed into Vespera's pussy, your voice muffled and wet, as you erupted inside Valerius for the second time. It was a painful, dry-heaving climax, your body wringing out every last drop of fluid it had left.

Simultaneously, Vespera shuddered above you. Her release wasn't a scream, but a series of rapid-fire electronic chirps from her throat as her vaginal muscles clamped down on your face, squirting a clear, tasteless fluid that soaked your hair and eyes.

Valerius roared beneath you, her own climax tearing through her, her internal walls convulsing around your spurting cock.

For a long minute, the only sound in the room was the harsh, wet breathing of three people and the quiet *drip-drip-drip* of fluids hitting the mattress. You lay there, pinned, suffocated, drained, and utterly, completely broken.

Vespera finally lifted her hips, looking down at you with a rare, genuine smile. Her face was flushed a deep purple.

"Diagnostic complete," she announced, her voice thick. "The subject is... highly functional. And delicious."

Valerius laughed weakly from beneath you. "Told you. He's a keeper." She slapped your ass, the sound loud and stinging. "Good work, soldier. Now get off me before I break your ribs."

The bed was a swamp. There was no other word for it.

Vespera climbed off you with a mechanical grace, her O-cups swinging heavily as she stood. She looked down at her thighs, streaked with a mixture of your sweat, her own arousal fluid, and the remnants of the blue lubricant. "Data collection complete," she announced, her voice a little breathless but rapidly regaining its professional clip. "Though I will need to recalibrate the suction metrics. His internal pressure was... unexpectedly high."

Valerius, still trapped beneath your limp form, gave a mighty heave and shoved you off her. You rolled onto the sodden sheets, landing on your back with a wet squelch. You were completely spent. Your vision was graying at the edges, your limbs trembling uncontrollably.

"Ugh," Valerius groaned, sitting up and running a hand through her sweat-matted hair. She looked down at her own crotch, where your softening cock had just slipped out. A copious amount of mixed fluids—semen, lubricant, and her own juices—was leaking onto the mattress. "Messy little fucker, aren't you?"

She reached over and grabbed your chin, forcing you to look at her. Her eyes were bright, almost feral. "But you didn't break. You took a double-team from a Lord Protector and a Weaver Master and lived. That's impressive."

"I think I'm dying," you whispered, your voice a ragged croak. Your throat felt raw from the screaming and the friction of Vespera's nipple.

"You're not dying," Vespera corrected, pulling a small, silver canister from her vest. She sprayed a fine mist over your face. It smelled of mint and pure oxygen. "You're experiencing acute endorphin overload and mild dehydration. Common after high-intensity mating rituals."

She turned to Valerius. "Commander, the reinforced undergarments are ready for deployment. However, I recommend a recovery period of at least two hours before re-engagement. His refractile period needs to be respected, or we risk tissue damage."

"Two hours," Valerius grunted, standing up. Her naked body was a landscape of power—broad shoulders, massive Q-cup breasts that still leaked the occasional drop of milk, and thick, muscular legs that looked like they could crush stone. "Fine. But he's not sleeping."

She grabbed your arm and hauled you to your feet. Your legs buckled instantly, but she caught you, holding you up like a ragdoll.

"We have a meeting with the Council in an hour," she said, looking you up and down. "And you look like you've been dragged through a sewer." She sniffed you. "Smell like one too. Piss, cum, milk, ozone... it's a hell of a cocktail."

"A shower?" you pleaded weakly.

"No time," Valerius dismissed. "Vespera, use the sonic cleaner."

Vespera pulled a sleek, handheld device from her belt. "Affirmative. Stand still."

She ran the device over your body. It emitted a high-frequency hum that vibrated in your bones. As it passed over your skin, the sweat, fluids, and grime simply vanished, disintegrated into microscopic particles. It felt strange—tingling and deeply invasive, like ants crawling under your skin. When she reached your groin, the vibration made your exhausted cock twitch.

"Still responsive," Vespera noted with a smirk. "Remarkable durability."

Once you were clean—or at least surface-clean—Vespera handed you the black bundle she had brought earlier. "Put these on. Graphene-weave boxer-briefs. Integrated support pouch. Kinetic dampening."

You pulled them on. They fit perfectly, hugging your hips and cupping your tender balls with a firm, comforting pressure. The pouch held your soft cock securely against your stomach, hiding the bulge slightly.

"Better," Valerius judged. She threw you a fresh tunic, this one black with gold trim. "Get dressed. We're going to the Strategy Room. You're going to explain this 'Earth' of yours to the Generals."

She leaned in close, her voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "And Nelson? If you get hard in the briefing... if you leak... I want you to tell me. Immediately. Because if you stain those pants in front of my officers, I will bend you over the war table and finish what we started right there."

She slapped your ass, hard. "Move."

As you stumbled after her, flanked by the terrifying, violet-eyed Vespera, you realized that your life as a pet, a prophet, and a sex toy to the rulers of Domus had only just begun. And terrifyingly, a part of you couldn't wait for the next two hours to be up.

The walk to the Strategy Room was a gauntlet of humiliation. You couldn't walk properly. Your hips felt disjointed, your inner thighs were raw from the friction of Valerius's muscular legs, and your prostate felt like a swollen, throbbing bruise radiating heat deep inside you. You waddled, a distinct, bow-legged shuffle that screamed to anyone watching exactly what had just happened to you.

Valerius noticed. She slowed her stride, glancing down at your swaying gait with a smirk that was equal parts cruelty and pride.

"Walking a little wide there, Nelson," she rumbled, her hand heavy on the back of your neck. "Feeling the stretch?"

"My... my ass hurts," you whispered, face burning. "And my balls ache."

"Good," she said simply. "That ache is a reminder. Every step you take, you feel me inside you. You feel the space I made."

Vespera, walking on your other side, adjusted her goggles. "Gait efficiency reduced by approximately forty-five percent," she noted dryly. "Pelvic inflammation is significant. The Commander's thrust velocity was... enthusiastic." She glanced at your crotch. "However, the support pouch is performing nominally. It's lifting the testicular weight to reduce drag."

"Drag?" you choked out. "They feel like lead weights."

"They're refilling," Valerius said, giving your ass a hard, possessive squeeze that made you jump and whimper. "Stop complaining. You're a factory now. Production never stops."

They reached a massive set of double doors made of black ironwood, reinforced with glowing graphene bands. Two Wardens stood guard. They snapped to attention, but their eyes instantly dropped to you. They flared their nostrils, inhaling the scent that clung to you despite the sonic cleaning—the unmistakable, pungent cocktail of Valerius's sex, Vespera's electric milk, and your own spent seed.

"Commander," one Warden breathed, her eyes dilating. "He... he smells ripe."

"He smells claimed," Valerius corrected sharply. "Open the doors."

The doors swung open, revealing the Strategy Room. It was a cavernous circular chamber dominated by a massive, glowing holographic table in the center. Around it stood six women.

These were the Generals of the Dominion Guard.

If you thought Valerius and Iona were intimidating, this was a nightmare of Amazonian power. Each woman was a unique mountain of muscle and scars. There was a redhead with a cybernetic eye and breasts that looked like **P-cup** boulders straining against a mesh tank top. There was a towering, pale-skinned woman with dreadlocks who was easily seven-foot-four, her **M-cup** chest bare save for a leather harness.

As you entered, the conversation stopped dead. Six pairs of predatory eyes locked onto you. Six noses flared. The air in the room instantly grew heavier, thicker, charged with a sudden spike in pheromones that hit you like a physical wave of heat.

"Well," a voice like grinding stones broke the silence. It came from the redhead, General Talla. She leaned back against the table, crossing massive arms over her chest, pushing her cleavage up until it threatened to smother her chin. "So this is the little trophy."

She took a deep breath, tasting the air. "Fuck, Valerius. You didn't just break him in. You marinated him. He smells like the inside of your cunt."

"Jealous, Talla?" Valerius strode to the head of the table, dragging you with her. She pushed you into a chair that was far too big for you; your feet barely touched the floor. "He's not a trophy. He's an asset. And yes, I tasted him first. Command privilege."

"Asset?" Another General, a scarred veteran named Kaelen with **O-cups** that hung low and heavy, snorted. She walked over to you, looming like a skyscraper. She reached out a finger thick as a sausage and poked your chest. You flinched. "He looks like he'd snap in a high wind. What is he good for? Besides draining balls?"

"He's from a dead world," Valerius announced, her voice cutting through the tension. "Earth. A place without magic. A place where they built machines to do what our souls do."

"And," Valerius added, a slow, predatory grin spreading across her face, "he's a natural conduit. Aether-blind, but reactive as hell. You felt it in the hall, didn't you, Talla? The way his bio-field flared when Vespera got close?"

Talla leaned forward, her cybernetic eye glowing red. "I felt *something*," she admitted, her gaze locked on your crotch. "I felt a spike. Like a... like a virgin reactor turning on."

"Exactly," Vespera interjected, stepping up to the table and projecting a holographic display of your vitals. "Subject Nelson Beri exhibits extreme Aetheric resonance. His biological fluids act as a high-potency catalyst. His semen alone contains a concentrated Dynamis charge equivalent to a mid-grade mana crystal."

"Bullshit," Kaelen spat, though her eyes widened. She marched around the table to stand directly in front of you. She smelled of iron, old blood, and a musky, unwashed intensity that made your eyes water. She grabbed your chin, forcing your head back until you were staring up the vast expanse of her chest. "Let me see."

Without warning, she reached down and grabbed your crotch through the pants. Hard.

"Y-yeah!" you yelped, your whole body seizing up. The sudden, brutal grip on your sensitive, over-worked genitals sent a jolt of pain-pleasure straight to your brain.

"Fuck," Kaelen breathed, her eyes glazing over slightly. "He's... twitching. He's pulsing right into my hand. Like a little heart." She squeezed harder. "And he's... leaking. Again."

"The pouch is holding," Vespera noted, tapping a key on her wrist-comp. "Leakage containment is at 45% capacity. But the internal pressure is spiking. His arousal response is... instantaneous."

"So he's a battery," Talla mused, her voice dropping to a husky purr. She walked over, her massive thighs brushing against your shoulder. She leaned down, her breasts pressing into your face, suffocating you in heat and musk. "A little, walking, leaking mana battery. And all we have to do to charge him is... this?"

She reached out and pinched your nipple through the tunic. Hard.

"Guh!" you gasped, your back arching off the chair.

"And this?" Kaelen added, grinding her knuckles into your perineum through the chair seat.

"Aaah!"

The room was suddenly very, very quiet. The Generals were staring at you not as a soldier, not as a threat, but as something else entirely. Something rare. Something delicious.

"Valerius," Talla said slowly, her voice thick with lust. "You said you tasted him. Is he... sweet?"

Valerius leaned back in her chair, crossing her arms, her expression smug and possessive.

"Like honey and ozone. But don't get any ideas. He's mine. You can look. You can smell. You can even touch a little. But the tap is closed until I say otherwise."

"Closed?" Kaelen laughed, a harsh, grating sound. She leaned down, burying her face in your neck, inhaling deeply. "Commander, with all due respect... look at him. He's practically dripping. He's begging for it." She licked your earlobe, her tongue rough and wet. "Aren't you, little battery? You want us to hook you up? Drain you dry?"

"I... I..." you stammered, overwhelmed by the sheer mass of woman surrounding you. "Please... it hurts... it's too much..."

"Too much?" Valerius chuckled. "Nelson, you have no idea. This is just the Strategy Room. Wait until you meet the Logistics Corps. Or the Engineering Guild. Or the Temple."

She stood up, clapping a hand on your shoulder. "But first," she said, her voice turning serious.

"You're going to tell them about Earth. About the machines. About the dead world. And if you

make it through the briefing without cumming in your pants again... I might let Talla take a turn with your mouth."

Talla grinned, revealing teeth that looked sharp enough to bite through steel. "Deal."

The atmosphere in the room shifted, if only slightly. The sexual charge remained, thick as a fog, but it was now overlaid with a predatory curiosity. Valerius pushed you forward, forcing you to stand at the head of the holographic table.

"Start," she commanded. "Tell them what you told me and Iona. About the silence. The machines. The emptiness."

You gripped the edge of the table, your knuckles white. Every eye was on you. Six giantesses, each radiating power and lust, waiting for you to speak. Your throat was dry, your heart hammering against your ribs like a trapped bird. But as you looked at the map of Xenia projected before you—a world of vibrant, chaotic life—something clicked. The contrast. The silence of your old life versus the roaring vitality of this one.

"My world..." you began, your voice trembling but gaining strength. "My world is... dead. We killed the magic. We didn't know it was there, so we smothered it."

"Smothered it?" Talla leaned forward, her massive **P-cup** breasts resting on the table, squashing against the hard surface. "How? With what?"

"With noise," you said, the memory of the constant hum, the shouting, the endless distraction fueling your words. "With iron and concrete and signals that drowned out the soul. We built cities that were cages. We ate food that was poison. We... we forgot how to feel."

"Forgot?" Kaelen scoffed, her hand still lingering near your hip, her fingers twitching. "How can a living thing forget to feel?"

"We numbed ourselves," you explained, the words tumbling out now. "We used drugs. Screens. Distractions. We were so afraid of the silence... because in the silence, we could hear how empty we were."

You looked around the room, meeting their gazes. "You... you all feel everything. You feel the land. The magic. Each other. Even me. Back home... people were numb. They walked past each other like ghosts. They touched without feeling. They fucked without connecting."

A silence fell over the room. But it wasn't the dead silence of Earth. It was a heavy, pregnant silence, filled with the sudden, sharp realization of what you were describing.

"No connection?" Vespera whispered, her violet eyes wide. "A world of disconnected souls? Wandering in the dark?"

"Yes," you whispered. "It was lonely. So... incredibly lonely."

Valerius watched you, her expression unreadable. Then, slowly, she reached out and took your hand. Her grip was warm, solid, grounding.

"And you?" she asked softly. "Were you lonely, Nelson?"

"Yes," you admitted, tears pricking your eyes. "I was always alone. Even in a crowd. I could hear the noise, but I couldn't find the signal. Until... until I came here."

Valerius squeezed your hand. "And now?"

You looked at her. At Talla, Kaelen, Vespera. At the sheer, overwhelming life force in the room. The scent of their arousal, the heat of their bodies, the intensity of their focus.

"Now..." you choked out. "Now it's... loud. But it's real. It's... warm."

Talla let out a long, shuddering breath. She stood up, walking around the table until she was standing right behind you. She wrapped her massive arms around your chest, pulling you back against her front. You were enveloped in her heat, her scent, her power.

"You poor, broken little thing," she murmured into your hair. "You were starving. Starving for touch. For connection. For this."

She squeezed you tight, her breasts pressing into your back. "We won't let you be lonely again. Ever. You hear me? You're part of the pack now. Part of the Guard."

"Part of the Guard," Kaelen echoed, stepping closer, her hand finding your other shoulder. "And the Guard protects its own."

Valerius smiled, a genuine, fierce expression. "See? I told you. You're worth the trouble."

She looked at the other Generals. "He's not just a battery. He's a refugee. A survivor. And he has knowledge we need. About the machines. About the void. He stays."

"Agreed," Talla said, her voice thick. She leaned down and kissed the top of your head. "But he still owes me that mouth."

Valerius rolled her eyes, but she didn't stop her. "Fine. Briefing over. Dismissed. Except for you, Talla. And you, Vespera. We need to... calibrate the asset further."

As the other Generals filed out, casting lingering, hungry glances at you, Talla spun you around. She sat on the edge of the table, spreading her legs wide. She wasn't wearing underwear either. Her pussy was a wet, swollen flower, glistening in the holographic light.

"Come here, stray," she commanded, grabbing the back of your head. "Time to pay the toll."

You fell to your knees between her massive thighs, the smell of her—musk, sweat, and raw desire—filling your senses. Valerius watched from her chair, a satisfied smirk on her face, while Vespera began to set up her recording equipment again.

"Open wide," Talla groaned, guiding your face to her clit. "Let me taste your loneliness."

The sweaty musk of her pussy was all it took to shut down his rational mind, making Nelson throw himself at the floor as he began to sniff and lick her pussy with the same intensity a starving desert puppy drank fresh spring water.

Talla's roar of approval shook the dust from the rafters. The moment your tongue made contact with her swollen, slick flesh, her massive hands clamped onto the back of your head, fingers tangling in your hair. She didn't push you away; she dragged you closer, burying your face so deep in her crotch your nose bumped against her pubic bone.

"Fuck!" she bellowed, her back arching so violently her **P-cup** breasts strained against the mesh top, threatening to burst the seams. "Look at him go! He's ravenous!"

You were. The taste was a chaotic, intoxicating explosion—salt, sweat, the sharp tang of ammonia, and a heavy, fermented musk that was uniquely hers. It wasn't the clean, synthetic taste of Vespera or the milky richness of Valerius. This was raw, unadulterated predator. And your touch-starved, fetish-wired brain was mainlining it.

You licked frantically, lapping up the copious amounts of slickness weeping from her opening. Your hands, acting on their own desperate instinct, came up to grip her thick, muscular thighs, your thumbs pressing into the hard flesh as you anchored yourself.

"Yeah, that's it," Talla hissed, her hips beginning to buck against your mouth. The sheer force of her thrusts threatened to bruise your lips, but you didn't care. You pushed your tongue deeper, trying to penetrate her. "Eat it. Clean me out, you little Earth-starved freak."

"Subject's salivary output has increased by four hundred percent," Vespera noted coolly from the sidelines, the soft *whirrr* of her goggles adjusting focus. "Heart rate is elevating rapidly. He is utilizing the moisture to facilitate friction." She stepped closer, her tone clinical but her violet eyes wide with fascination. "Talla, modulate your hip velocity. I need a clear reading on his tongue endurance."

"Fuck your readings, Vespera!" Talla ground out, her eyes rolling back. "He's hitting the spot! Oh, Mother... his tongue is so fast..."

Valerius watched from the head of the table, her elbows resting on the glowing holographic map of Xenia. She looked pleased, a dark, proprietary smirk on her lips. "He's a natural bottom feeder," she drawled, taking a slow sip from a metal flask she'd produced from her belt. "He spent his whole life starving, Talla. He doesn't know how to pace himself. He's just trying to consume as much as he can before someone takes it away."

"I'm not taking it away," Talla groaned, her hips snapping in a tight, rapid rhythm against your face. "I'm giving him all of it. Here... take it, Nelson..."

Her hands shifted from your hair, grabbing her own massive breasts through the mesh. She squeezed them, a guttural sound of pleasure rumbling in her chest, as she ground her clit ruthlessly against the bridge of your nose and your upper lip.

You were drowning in her. The scent, the taste, the heat—it was a sensory overload that eclipsed the memory of the cold, quiet dorm room completely. You sucked hard on her clit, drawing it into your mouth, your tongue working it like a frantic piston.

"Aah! Yes!" Talla shrieked, her thighs clamping around your head like a vice. The pressure was immense, almost crushing your skull, but the lack of oxygen only heightened the desperation of your actions.

"Watch his airflow, General," Vespera cautioned, tapping her wrist-comp. "His oxygen saturation is dropping."

"He doesn't need air," Valerius countered, walking over to stand beside Talla. "He needs this." She reached down and grabbed the back of your neck, her grip firm and grounding. "Don't stop, Nelson. Drink her. Show her what a dead world's hunger looks like."

You didn't stop. You couldn't. The combination of Valerius's commanding hand on your neck, Vespera's clinical observation, and the sheer, overwhelming power of Talla's body trapping you was a perfect storm of your deepest, most shameful fantasies brought to visceral life.

Suddenly, Talla stiffened. Her entire massive frame went rigid, the muscles in her thighs turning to stone against your ears.

"I'm cumming," she gasped, her voice dropping to a harsh, ragged whisper. "I'm cumming, you little bitch! Swallow it!"

Her orgasm hit like a localized earthquake. Her hips slammed forward, pinning your face against her crotch with terrifying force. Her vaginal walls spasmed violently, and a hot, thick gush of fluid erupted from her, flooding your mouth and nose.

It wasn't a delicate squirt; it was a deluge. You choked, sputtering, reflexively swallowing the salty, musky tide as fast as you could, but there was too much. It overflowed, running down your chin, soaking the collar of your new tunic.

"Fuck yes," Talla roared, her body trembling with the aftershocks. She ground her soaking wet pussy against your face one last time before her legs finally went slack, releasing your head from the vice grip.

You fell back on your heels, gasping for the highly oxygenated air of Domus, your face a glistening, sticky mess of Talla's arousal fluids. You were panting heavily, a string of saliva and her juices connecting your chin to your chest.

Talla slumped back on the table, her chest heaving, a massive, satisfied grin on her face. She looked down at you, her eyes hooded and lazy. "Holy shit," she breathed. "Valerius... you weren't kidding. He's a fucking vacuum cleaner."

Vespera stepped in, her laser stylus sweeping over your face. "Fluid transfer complete. Volume is... exceptional. Subject Nelson has ingested approximately forty milliliters of female ejaculate." She looked at you, her expression unreadable. "How do you feel?"

You looked up at the three giantesses surrounding you. Your face was wet, your knees ached, your jaw was sore, and your newly confined cock was throbbing painfully against the graphene pouch, desperate for its own release. The shame of what you had just done—what you had *enjoyed* doing—was entirely absent, replaced by a deep, resonant hum of belonging.

"I feel..." you started, your voice a raspy croak. You licked your lips, tasting her again. "I feel... full."

Valerius laughed, a rich, booming sound that echoed in the cavernous Strategy Room. She reached down and hauled you to your feet by the scruff of your tunic, pulling you against her armored side.

"He feels full," she repeated to the others, shaking her head. "Give him a week, Talla. A week of Domini rations and a few more sessions like that, and we'll see if he still thinks he's full."

She looked down at you, wiping a smear of Talla's fluid off your cheek with her thumb. "Come on, stray. You've earned your keep for the morning. Now, let's see what the Lyceum Nerds make of that laptop of yours. And maybe," she added, her eyes glinting with a dark promise, "we can find a quiet corner in the Archives to deal with that bulge in your pants."

The walk to the Lyceum was a bizarre parade. You shuffled alongside Valerius, your legs weak and trembling, your face still sticky with Talla's aggressive release. The sharp tang of ammonia and female musk radiated from you like a beacon. The graphene support pouch Vespera had synthesized was working overtime, containing an erection that pulsed with a desperate, throbbing ache with every step.

Valerius, seemingly energized by the display in the Strategy Room, set a punishing pace. Her black armor clanked softly, the sheer physical presence of her—the broad shoulders, the colossal, armored **Q-cups**—parting the flow of citizens in the corridors like a battleship cutting through a calm sea.

You caught stares. Not the averted, polite glances of Earth, but direct, hungry assessments. Women stopped what they were doing, their eyes tracking your small, frail form, lingering on the noticeable bulge at your crotch and the telltale sheen of bodily fluids on your chin. You heard a

few low, appreciative whistles and murmured comments that made the tips of your ears burn, not with the old, familiar shame, but with a new, terrifying thrill of being *desired*.

"Keep your head up, Nelson," Valerius commanded, not looking down. "They smell what you did. They smell Talla on you. It marks you as capable. Do not shrink from it."

You forced yourself to stand straighter, fighting the urge to wipe your face. This was your reality now. You were a walking billboard for a General's orgasm.

The Lyceum of Novam Domum was a breathtaking structure, a fusion of soaring Gothic arches made of black cast basalt and intricate, glowing graphene filigree. It was silent, but not the oppressive silence you hated. This was a hushed, reverent stillness, filled with the soft hum of cooling Aether-drives and the rustle of real paper.

Valerius bypassed the public reading rooms, leading you deep into the subterranean levels, the heart of the *Bibliotheca Maxima*. Here, the air was cooler, carrying the scent of ozone and old parchment.

She pushed open a heavy set of doors, entering a sprawling laboratory chaotic with floating holographic equations, disassembled arcane foci, and half-built mechanical contraptions. In the center of the mess stood a woman who looked radically different from the warriors you had met.

She was tall—perhaps six-foot-six—but remarkably slender, lacking the heavily muscled bulk of the Guard. She wore a long, flowing coat of a material that seemed to absorb light, open over a simple tunic. Her hair was a startling, luminescent violet, shaved close on the sides and falling in a long braid down her back. But it was her chest that drew the eye; despite her slender frame, she possessed a pair of high, firm **N-cup** breasts that seemed almost impossibly buoyant, pushing against the fabric of her tunic as she leaned over a workbench.

"Arch-Mage Lyra," Valerius barked, the sound shattering the quiet focus of the lab.

Lyra jumped, a small wrench clattering from her hand onto the metal table. She spun around, her eyes—the exact same violet shade as her hair—wide behind thick, graphene-framed spectacles.

"Commander Valerius," she said, her voice breathy and musical. She quickly adjusted her spectacles, pushing them up her nose. "To what do I owe the... oh my."

Her gaze dropped from Valerius to you, her violet eyes magnifying significantly behind the lenses. She took a step closer, inhaling sharply. Her nostrils flared, processing the complex chemical signature you were broadcasting.

"By the Mother's Spark," Lyra breathed, her cheeks flushing a sudden, deep pink. "Is this... is this the anomaly from Sector Gamma-7? The Void-Stray?"

"Yes," Valerius said, shoving you forward slightly. "Nelson of Earth. And he brought some toys." She pulled your L.L. Bean backpack from where it had been slung over her armored shoulder and dropped it onto a clear spot on Lyra's workbench with a heavy thud.

Lyra approached you slowly, as if you might spook and run. She didn't have the predatory swagger of Talla or Valerius, but the intense, hyper-focused hunger in her eyes was almost worse. She reached out a long, delicate hand—fingers stained with glowing, multi-colored inks—and gently touched your cheek, right over a smear of Talla's dried fluid.

"Incredible," she murmured, tracing your jawline. "His bio-field is... it's a null-zone. But it's reacting violently to my presence. It's trying to harmonize, but it doesn't have the internal structure." She looked down at your crotch, the bulge impossible to ignore. Her breath hitched. "And he is... significantly engorged. The blood flow to his reproductive organs is prioritized above all other systems. It's a survival mechanism, triggered by the raw Aether in the environment."

"He's been hard since he got here," Valerius confirmed, leaning against a nearby pillar, clearly enjoying the scholar's flustered reaction. "Vespera made him a reinforced pouch just so he could walk. Now, what about the bag?"

Lyra tore her eyes away from your groin with visible effort, turning her attention to the backpack. With reverent care, she unzipped it. She pulled out the Blavor solar charger first, turning it over in her hands, her brow furrowed. Then, she withdrew the MacBook Air.

"What is this material?" she muttered, tapping the aluminum casing. "It feels like... refined bauxite, but the structural integrity is pathetic. No Aetheric resonance whatsoever. It's completely dead matter."

"He says it's an archive," Valerius supplied. "A machine that stores knowledge. Open it."

You stepped forward, your legs still shaky. "It... it requires my fingerprint," you said, your voice raspy. "Or a passcode."

Lyra looked at you, her violet eyes wide behind the thick lenses. "It responds to your unique biological signature? A rudimentary form of soul-binding?"

"No," you corrected, the old, analytical part of your brain firing up despite your exhaustion. "It scans the ridges on the skin of my finger. It's purely physical. Electronics."

You reached out and pressed your thumb to the sensor. The MacBook chimed, and the screen flared to life, illuminating Lyra's face with the harsh, cold light of an Earth LCD.

The Arch-Mage gasped, taking a sudden step back. She stared at the screen—currently displaying your desktop background, a high-resolution image of a nebula.

"It... it emits light without combustion or Aetheric flow," she whispered, leaning closer, her heavy breasts resting on the edge of the table as she peered at the screen. "And the image... the fidelity is perfect. But it has no depth. It's a flat illusion."

She reached out to touch the screen, her fingers brushing the glass. "It's cold. How is it generating an image without heat?"

"It's... complicated," you said, suddenly hyper-aware of the proximity of her massive cleavage resting just inches from your laptop. "It's called an LCD. Liquid Crystal Display. It uses electricity to manipulate crystals to block or allow light from a backlight."

Lyra's head snapped up to look at you, her spectacles flashing in the screen's light. "You manipulate crystalline structures using raw electrical current? Without a Dynamic intent? Just... brute force voltage?"

"Yes," you said.

Lyra let out a sound that was half-laugh, half-sob. "It's madness," she breathed, her hands flying to her face. "It's absolute, profane madness. You have built an entire technology based on shouting at the universe until it does what you want, instead of asking it to dance."

She grabbed you suddenly by the shoulders, her grip surprisingly strong for her slender frame. "This... this is a treasure trove," she said, her voice shaking with excitement. "A record of an entirely divergent evolutionary path of physics. And you... you understand it?"

"Some of it," you admitted. "I... I downloaded a lot of information. The Kiwix files. It's a massive encyclopedia."

Lyra pulled you close, her N-cups crushing against your chest. The scent of her was entirely different from the warriors—ink, ozone, dried herbs, and a sharp, clean sweat that smelled like fresh paper. "You will show me everything, Nelson," she whispered fiercely, her lips brushing your ear. "You will sit with me in this laboratory, and we will dissect your dead world piece by piece."

She pulled back, her eyes dropping once more to your bulging crotch. She bit her lower lip, a very un-scholarly flush spreading across her chest. "But first," she murmured, her voice dropping to a breathless, needy tone. "The Commander said you were... uncomfortable."

Valerius chuckled darkly from the corner. "He needs a release, Lyra. Vespera edged him to collect data, and Talla just used his mouth. The little battery is fully charged and nowhere to plug in."

Lyra reached out, her long, ink-stained fingers tentatively tracing the outline of the graphene pouch. "May I, Commander?" she asked, not looking away from your crotch. "I have never... interacted with a male lacking internal Aetheric shielding. The opportunity to observe the energy transfer during a full neural cascade would be... invaluable for my research."

Valerius shrugged, a predatory grin on her face. "He's all yours, Arch-Mage. Consider it payment for translating the shiny box. Just don't break him. I want him back for dinner."

Lyra didn't wait for permission twice. She grabbed you by the waist and lifted you effortlessly onto the clean metal surface of an adjacent workbench, sweeping a pile of arcane components to the floor with a crash.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.





